THE UNDER DOG

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

PRETTY good jokes you've made on me
The under dog.
Funny, too, as such jokes could be.
You've shown me sleeping out in the park
On a cold, hard bench, in the starless dark;
You've shown me, gaunt, at the kitchen door,
Where the housewife gave of her toothsome store—
And you've twisted jokes of a man's distress.
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes—and all on me—
The under dog.
Each one pitched in a merry key;
You've sketched me fair in my rags and grime;
You've caught my grin when I'm doing time;
You've shown me clutching the car's brake-beam,
Or trudging ties in the sun's hot gleam.
And you made me funny, I must confess—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty fair jokes you've had with me—
The under dog.
Hardly a week but I would see—
My battered phiz in a comic skit
That had no line that was bare of wit.
That time the dog to my leg hung tight
You made of me a side-splitting sight.
It made you some money—more or less—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes you've made on me—
The under dog.
Yours is a fancy that must run free,
And I am a tramp who need only roam,
While you are the fellow that's got a home
And wife and kids and an easy chair—
Me? I am the fellow that lives Nowhere!
And humor, you know, is a thing to bless—
Funny? Lord! Yes!

JULIA ARTHUR AS ROSALIND

Accompanying "Canada's Share in the Modern Drama"

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Canada's Share in the Modern Drama

By Vanderheyden Fyles

Illustrated from Photographs

AT just this time it does not seem impertinent to put into words a thought that has possessed me for a considerable period. A national Scotch Drama is rapidly taking form; primarily in some of J. M. Barrie's most delightful comedies, but more definitely in such an illuminative "slice of life" as "Bunty Pulls the Strings,"—written by a Scotchman, about Scotch people and acted by Scotch players. The success of that enterprise has inaugurated a distinct "movement;" similarly sectional plays and companies which have subsequently moved upon London, from Edinburgh, hardly would have dared adventure had not "Bunty" blazed the way. The Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, need be no more than mentioned. At the present period in their decade or so of struggle they have solidified into a permanent organization; and, in that brief time, they have created a national dramatic literature, with Lady Gregory, William Butlar Yeats and the late J. M. Synge as only foremost of a considerable company of authors. Why not, then, a distinctly Canadian Drama?

American plays—American, that is to say, as distinguished from Canadian, —are as inadequate of an exact expression of local thought and feeling as are dramas from the Mother Country. The condition of the Canadian stage, at present, corresponds with that existent in the United States up to twenty years ago, or fifteen, or even less. English plays predominated; and those of native make aped the importations, though perhaps unconsciously. Narrative fiction that breathed the spirit of the North, or South, of New England or of California, abounded; and from the best authorial pens. But such theatrical entertainments as were of the soil racy, were generally of a slipshod, overstated, rather vulgar grade. Hundreds of companies traversed the country in versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that were, in effect, something between

circuses and minstrel shows; Bret Harte ,was perverted into sensational melodrama, usually of the "cheapest" calibre; and the vaudeville sketch that Denman Thompson expanded, so agreeably and so profitably, into "The Old Homestead," remained for some years about the best expression of a phase of typical Americanism. Indeed, less than two decades ago, a critic no less captious, keen and cautious than William Dean Howells found Edward Harrigan's loosely-made and rowdy sketches of the New York underworld about the highest point yet reached in essentially native drama. James A. Herne, with "Shore Acres" and, especially, with the unappreciated "Margaret Fleming," carried the movement on its next steps forward; but what halting steps they seem when one thinks of such dramatic expressions of the American conditions and their influence on the nation and its progress as "The Great Divide," "The Nigger" and "The Boss."

The forces of the Canadian stage are strangely scattered. A full dozen of the leading players of the period were born in the Dominion; and yet not more than two or three of them are thought of as Canadians. Being a New Yorker, I may underestimate the native knowledge of its stars. But I cannot help but think I can surprise you with a name or two.

Probably the actress of to-day most widely known as a Canadian is Margaret Anglin. Not but that she has, like her compatriots, identified herself with the American stage, appearing in her own country only in the natural course of her travels; but her father was too prominent a statesman for the

WHOEVER COULD PICTURE MAY IRWIN, BLONDE AND BUXOM, JOVIAL AND WORLDLY-WISE, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WHITTY, OR FANCY MARIE DRESSLER IN COBOURG?

name of Anglin readily to be forgotten. He was Speaker of the House of Commons when, on April 3, 1876, a daughter was born to him and Mrs. Anglin. Indeed, the present rival of Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore for the contemporary leadership, in our hemisphere, came into the world in the Speaker's Chamber of the House of Parliament! Eileen Anglin was also born in Ottawa. Her stage experiences, however, were unimportant; they were completely overshadowed by her sister's; and, after a few years, she married happily and retired. In one or two plays she was cast for small roles in association with Bertram Harrison, a Canadian friend of her childhood days, and a growing force in the intellectual drama of the day. After a few years of histrionic effort Mr. Harrison wisely withdrew into the more serious and consequential work of management, in which he has been associated principally with Henry Miller.

At the beginning Margaret Anglin may have entertained some notion of a Canadian Drama. After studying at the New York school of acting now conducted by Franklin Sargent and filling the minor role (Madeline West, in Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah") which was one of the rewards held out for the most promising four graduates of the class, Miss Anglin devoted her-

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN ELECTRIFIED NEW YORK WITH HER EMOTIONAL VARIETY, CUMULATIVE POWER AND ASTOUNDING CLIMAX IN "MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE" THE OLDER CRITICS, SEARCHING FOR A PARALLEL, CITED CLARA MORRIS AT HER HEIGHT

HOPE LATHAM'S SHOWY BUT ACCURATE PRESENTATION OF A DEMI-MONDAINE WILL BE REMEMBERED BY ALL WHO SAW "SALVATION NELL", WHILE ROSE STAHL HAS MADE THE SLANGY, WARM-HEARTED TYPE OF CITY GIRL FAMOUS, AND MAUD ALLEN'S "SALOME" IS KNOWN BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD

self to two experimental years, with James O'Neill and E. H. Sothern, respectively. With the one she undertook the ambitious roles of *Ophelia*, *Mercedes*, *Virginia* and *Julie de Mortimer* ("Hamlet," "Monte Cristo," "Virginius" and "Richelieu"); with the other only the unkempt and inconsequential slavey in "Lord Chumley." But the apprenticeship evidently appeared to her sufficient preparation for her bold adventure. Organizing her own company, she "toured" Lower Canada as *Rosalind*! Very soon, however, she gave up; and, falling into the berthless ranks of actresses knocking at the doors of New York offices, she began her steady ascent as *Roxane*, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Richard Mansfield. And there ended the last English-speaking effort for a distinctively Canadian venture in the realms of the best dramatic art.

Two actresses whose names have frequently been linked with Margaret Anglin's are actually compatriots, though the fact does not appear generally to be known. When Miss Anglin electrified New York—and, presently, the entire Western hemisphere,—with her emotional variety, cumulative power and astounding climax, in the chief role in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," the older critics, searching for a parallel, cited Clara Morris at her height. What was not mentioned is that Miss Morris, though she passed her childhood in Cleveland and in other Middle Western cities, actually was born in Toronto. Another histrionic daughter of that city, by the way, is Hope Latham, who has gained successes with John Drew and Mrs. Fiske, and especially in the "showy" character of the "adventuress" in "The Woman in the Case." She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Montreal, which experience was useful to her in the Pinero drama of "His House in Order" in which, with Margaret Illington and John Drew, she acted a character in French.

The other Canadian I had reference to as being, in a way, associated with Miss Anglin, is Lena Ashwell, who was the first actress of the role of *Mrs.*

EUGENE REDDING (NE ROBIDOUX), CONDUCTS VICTORIA PARK IN OTTAWA, AS WELL AS PLAYING IN THE COMPANIES OF HERBERT KELCEY, ANNA HELD, ETC.; ARTHUR LEAGON IS A SEAFORTH MAN; WHILE ALBERT JEANNOTTE ACHIEVED A SUCCESS IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

Dane and who thereby established herself in London leadership. She was born of Canadian parentage, her father being Captain Pocock, R. N., who afterwards became a clergyman of the Established Church. His parish was Canadian and his daughter passed her earlier years in Toronto; but her actual birth was at sea!

The late Franklin McLeay is one of the few actors who, in prosperous days, turned a helping hand to the people of his birthplace. He was born at Watford, Ontario; carried off University honors at Toronto; and, presently, studied for the stage. Wilson Barrett gave him several minor opportunities; and then increased them. But Sir Herbert Tree could do more. In 1898, the young Canadian was acting *Cassius* and *Iago* at Her Majesty's, in London, to the *Othello* and *Marc Antony* of Sir Herbert; and had married Grace Warner, daughter of the late Charles Warner, of "Drink" celebrity, and sister of H. B. Warner, of "Jimmy Valentine" adventures. But the suffering consequent upon the Ottawa fire of 1900 so moved the rising actor that, throwing all his energy into the effort, he engaged the co-operation of Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree, and carried off a "benefit" at Drury Lane that accumulated over $15,000 for his countrymen. But the effort doubtless cost his life; for, within a month, he expired of a fever.

Many more Canadian actors have turned their steps toward New York than toward London; which, of course, is not unnatural. R. G. Knowles, who was born in Hamilton, Ontario, gained his London footing by introducing nothing less Jonathanian than a Hoyt farce! Matheson Lang, however, did not act in this country until after his success in London was assured. Born in Montreal, son of the Reverend Gavin Lang (a cousin of the Archbishop of York), he was educated in England and did not recross the water until 1903, when he came over with Mrs. Langtry, to act in "The Crossways," a comedy from her own pen: but his more important undertakings over here were in the leading roles of "Don," "The School for Scandal" and "Twelfth Night," at The New Theatre, in the early months of 1910. Acton Bond is the third prominent London actor I recall as being a Canadian, his birthplace having been Toronto.

Madame Albani, the famous prima donna, was born as near to Montreal as Chambly. Her father, whose name was Joseph Lajeunesse and who trained her for grand opera, took her, after her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and in European capitals, to Albany, N.Y.; and it was from that city she derived the name for which she gained international celebrity. Montreal may also claim J. H. Gilmour, long leading actor with Julia Marlowe

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Co-star with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean repertoire, she by an "heretical" interpretation of *Lady Macbeth* has invited the varied verdicts of many critics. Miss Marlowe plays the famous character entirely without the sanction of tradition, evidently with a view to humanizing motives which have often rendered the play a better vehicle for frenzied technique than a magnet for box office dollars

and Viola Allen, and now director of a school of elocution in Chicago; Eugene Redding (nee Robidoux), who conducts Victoria Park, at Ottawa, as well acts in the companies of Herbert Kelcey, Anna Held, etc.; and Charles J. Ross and Rose Stahl, whose recent rise from the cheaper, rather vulgar theatres to the best, needs no description here.

Ontario, on the other hand, can point to a notable array of distinguished sons and daughters. While James K. Hackett, having been born on Wolfe Island, might be claimed, his parents were New Yorkers and he grew to manhood in that metropolis. It simply happened that they were summering in Canada at the time. As well call Lena Ashwell a mermaid because she was born at sea! Ontario's most notable contribution to the ranks of players with a serious purpose, and with art adequate to their high ambition, is Julia Arthur, now living in retirement, in Boston, as the wife of Benjamin P. Cheney. She gave up the histrionic battle before her thirtieth year; yet not until she had achieved a memorable success in the foremost characters of Shakespeare. Born in Hamilton, her name was actually Lewis. For stage purposes, however, she borrowed from her brother, Arthur Lewis, instead of drawing upon her imagination, as did her sister, "Flora Fairchild." Hamilton also supplied the contemporary stage with Roselle Knott and William H. Clark; while Ontario was also represented by Ida Hawley, who "died too soon," and is by McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, Norman Hackett, of Amherstburg; by James Forbes (Salem), formerly an actor but better known as author of "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Chorus Lady;" and by—who would you say? Why, by the blonde and buxom, jovial and worldly-wise May Irwin!

It is, after all, the vaudeville stars who disport themselves with a distinctively American slapdash that one hardly can associate with Canada. Whoever could picture May Irwin in the little town of Whitty?—or Marie Dressler in Cobourg? Arthur Deagon came from Seaforth, and Donald Brian from St. John's; while Toronto gave a waiting world Hope Booth, who used to pose, in a semblance of nudity, in a coarse farce entitled "A Wife in Pawn," and Maud Allan, of "Salome" notoriety. And still they come! For Eva Tanguay first saw the light—and, doubtless, "didn't care!"—at Marbleton!

If there is to be a National Canadian Drama, the authors must still be in manuscript; or perhaps Ernest Shipman (born in Ottawa), who began theatrical management with Shakespeare, can tell us where they are. Sir Gilbert Parker, with his "Seats of the Mighty" and, indirectly, with alien dramatizations of other Canadian novels from his pen, is the only dramatist who has taken any serious steps in that direction. Why should he not be to Canada what Bernard Shaw and George Moore have been to Ireland? W. A. Tremayne is an enthusiastic Canadian, who has done some good work in farce; Edward E. Rose, of Stanstead, Quebec, — the birthplace, by the way, of Eugene Cowles, the noted barytone, — has turned many popular novels into plays; in earlier days McKee Rankin, of Sandwich, was as well known for his dramatization of "The Danites" as for his acting in it; George V. Hobart, creator of many a bright Broadway burlesque, is a son of Nova Scotia—of Cape Breton, to be exact; and James Forbes, as has been said above, was fresh from Salem when he ventured to New York. But in none of these dramatists, each admirable in his own way, does one seem to see the author of a typically Canadian play, in the same sense as the best now issuing from the literary leaders of Ireland and England, and of Scotland and the United States.

An Andalusian Ally

By Julia F. Wood
Illustrations by George Faul

EVER since that afternoon when the great Gicardo himself, after one surprised glance beneath Rose's lashes, had swept right about face his adoring retinue of *aficionados* and breathless small boys and had followed them along the tortuous windings of Las Sierpes to the very door of their hotel, Rose had set her heart upon seeing a bull-fight. Gicardo's tribute in itself had grown stale with countless repetitions; their entire progress throughout Andalusia had been a furnace heat of burning glances and scorching sighs, of flaming serenades and impassioned murmurs of "La Rubia" in Rose's usually indifferent ear. But when the idol of Seville deigned to swell the train of pursuing admirers it stung her into an interest sufficiently keen to wish at least to see him upon his native heath.

It followed inevitably that the day of the great Easter bull fight was to see them among its spectators. Those circumstances had yet to be found which could mutiny successfully against the soft relentlessness of Rose's desire. In Mrs. Matthews' easy complaisance, Christopher's infatuation, and Ted's short-lived rebellion she had had indeed foeman scarcely worthy of her steel. She had disposed of the last with one simple phrase.

"Of course we wouldn't think of leaving you alone in this stuffy hotel," she had told Mrs. Matthews with cooing consideration. "We'll none of us go. Only, whatever is the matter with you, Ted? You used to be always ready for anything and now you seem so indifferent and unlike yourself."

That had been more than enough to rush Ted, in a sick panic, into enthusiastic acceptance. She tried gallantly to cover her rout as they sat in the *palco* waiting for the opening.

"You can't really expect a Chicagoan to feel much excitement over the slaughter of merely one bull," she told them. "Or even Gicardo to give thrills to a girl who has watched her brother making touchdowns for Yale."

She found herself wondering with a piteous amazement at her powers of concealment and at the success, despite that inadequate training of twenty-three happy unstudied years, with which she flattered herself she cloaked her pain from that angle of Christopher's head, bent unswervingly along the directest route into Rose's eyes. She was used to that devoted stoop to meet her smallness in the men who talked to Rose. Ted's amused interest in their attitude had been the one compensation for the dubious pleasure of her cousin's company through Europe. Despite a total lack of practice in wall decoration, she had stepped down with a charming enough grace from the throne where she had queened it among her friends into the lowly role of mirthful observer. Her own lovers came to her through a slower growth and clearer knowledge,

passing half unconsciously from companionship into love, than back again, forced relentlessly by her sweet sincerity, into the charmed circle of her friendship. But Rose's was the face to launch a thousand ships, to sweep a devastating flame through the hearts of men, lighting with instant fuse passion and desire.

It was not for this that Ted stood with grave inexorableness outside the ever widening ring of Rose's adorers. Her acquaintance with her cousin had begun before Rose had learned the full value of that magic combination of bright hair and shadowy eyes, of sweeping lashes and childlike glances and that subtle femininity which made Ted feel her own graceful strength crude and unwomanly beside it. It made even the little boyish nickname dear to all her friends seem hoydenish. They were sensations Ted was too human to enjoy, but it was not in her nature to let them tamper with those scales in which long ago she had weighed and condemned her cousin. She was too big for any petty pangs, and these last months she had even known, despite that veiled antagonism always between them, a warm compassion that Rose could not know and love Christopher. And now Christopher saw nothing in the whole brilliant scene about them but Rose's slow-lifting eyes he fought so hard to meet.

For the hundredth time Ted repeated to herself that motto which had most helped her before in the little crises of her life. "Ride hard, sit straight, and pray," her father had told her when he had first taught her to take a jump; if the ditch seemed impossible, the hedge a telegraph pole, at least she could make the try a gallant one. From the first she had scorned any struggle with Rose for Christopher; even in her prayers she had been too proud to ask to have back his love. She had not begged to be spared her cross, only to be worthy of it—to climb the heights of pain, not to sink beneath those hourly stabs at her pride and love to a hatred of Rose's beauty, to Rose's own weapon of soft venom, to a view that ceased to be sane and sweet of that world which had always before turned so smiling a face to her. There could never be again for her, of course, she told herself with the finality of twenty-three, the rapture of those first days with Christopher when the world slowly narrowed into each other's eyes; but because her youth was dead it should not keep her life from being a splendid one, from meaning just that much the more to others.

It might have been so much worse, she tried to comfort herself. There was no broken engagement, no scandal, no explanations she must make her world. It had prophesied busily of course as to the outcome of Christopher's and her walks and drives and dances; it had winked knowingly at the strange coincidence by which his path in Europe had unerringly struck hers; but it, no more than she herself, had any right to demand why Christopher's steps, after that first moment of meeting Rose in the melting Alhambra moonlight, had lagged suddenly in the race. The cruelest part was that she might not have the dignity of her tragedy unmarred by a hundred daily pinpricks of humiliation—Rose's own triumph which spared her no sting, Christopher's guilty constraint, the messages she knew Mrs. Matthews was sending at large: "Ted takes it like the heroine she is, but of course I know she must feel it dreadfully." Ted felt a sudden fierce instinct to protect Christopher from those censuring thoughts she knew would be sent to him across the sea. She herself had no thought of blame for him, despite that former faith which had kept her fearless of Rose's invincible charms. Rose had wanted Christopher, and what Rose wanted she would have. And it was the men like Christopher, simple, direct, chivalrous, who were most helpless before the women like Rose.

She leaned forward resolutely to try to lose her misery in the dazzling scene before her. In its extraordinary animation, its note of color stamped unforgettably against a blazing sky and ivory glare, it made the gayest of any former assemblies seem a Quaker meeting in comparison. Through the

amphitheatre a flame of crimson, rose, and gold swept in fiery circles; over the balcony rails swung a garden of rainbowed flowers embroidered on the silken mantones of the women; tier upon tier of red roses nodded coquettishly from countless dusky coiffures, while thousands of spangled fans waved with seductive grace among a sea of flashing teeth and restless eyes, of shrugging shoulders and lifting eyebrows and darting gesticulation. Behind the feverish animation, the shrill incessant babel of talk and laughter, one felt an intangible tenseness, a delicious shuddering fear like that from ghost stories heard in the safe shelter of a friendly circle. It typified itself in the glistening sand of the arena and beyond, those ominous, barred gates with a bull's head nailed above them.

They brought home to Ted for the first time what she was to see. It would all make a splendid background for Rose, she reflected with that strange, new, terrifying bitterness; she knew in advance her soft alarms and pretty terrors. They would become her as exquisitely as the red rose, the high comb, and the white lace mantilla she had insisted upon as the national bull-fight costume, and which made as harsh a contrast to Ted's tailor suit as would Rose's ready emotion to her stoicism.

Of all her cousin's many assets, that was her most powerful,—that tender helplessness which made one yearn to throw the gauntlet for her sake in the face of an unkind world. It seemed only right and natural that Rose's younger sister should be wearing her tired life away teaching; that Rose's overworked brother should give up a home of his own to take care of Rose; even in that tragedy of young Benson, though everyone knew he had taken his life because of Rose, the universal thought was only to spare her—had won for her in fact her trip abroad. That was the quality which made its strongest appeal to men like Christopher. Ted remembered the day his four-in-hand had bolted with them, and she had sat motionless and silent as they dashed along the cliff. "Jove, but you are plucky!" was all he had said to her when it was over, but she had staid awake all night, poor fool, to remember the look in his eyes. And then she caught herself in hand again with that helpless, silent cry she had given so many times the last two weeks—"Oh, God, don't let me grow mean and cynical and bitter. Anything but that!"

She was glad when at a wave of the royal handkerchief the band crashed suddenly into the famous "Pan y Toros," and a glittering procession of sequined coats and spangled capes, of crimson and violet velvet and gold and silver braid advanced with conscious majesty into the arena. Gicardo headed the caudrilla and with his slender, supple grace might have more fitly worn about his brow the Olympic laurel wreath than the tell-tale pigtail and black hat of the torero. He swept the applauding ring with a conqueror's glance, and even as he bowed before the young king and his golden-haired queen, his eyes continued their search until they found Rose's face and lingered there in evident appreciation. Mrs. Matthews laughed, but Christopher clenched his fists belligerently. "If he does that again, I'll help the bull finish his job," he remarked. "How dare he look at you like that! With all those gewgaws he's nothing but an etherealized butcher."

Then a sudden silence cut the discordant homage Seville was paying to her idol, and a tense, breathless hush caught the multitude in a mighty grip. The alguaciles had asked permission for the bull-fight to begin, and in answer the king had tossed down the red ribboned key which guarded the bull's cell. That underlying tension Ted had been unable to fathom lay clear before her now; it was the shadow of Death which those opening gates were ushering in. Even with only a bull for its victim, the grim Master was claiming his inexorable toll of fear and reverence. Ted felt her muscles tighten and her pulses bound as when an unexpectedly deep ditch yawned before her in the hunt or she raced a squall in her catboat. With a challenging bellow which woke the

amphitheatre to sudden, vociferous fury, the bull charged superbly into the ring.

A moment he stood motionless save for an uneasy pawing of the sand, dazzled by the change from the darkness of the past seventy-two hours into the glare and the tumult with which his audience, born and trained for centuries into unreasoning hate of him, were venting their deafening disapproval. After one bewildered survey of his surroundings, he took the obviously wisest course, and trotted back to his entrance. A yell of universal execration followed this sensible move, a storm of unsavory missiles showered upon him, and Gicardo's flaming coat flung itself in effectual protest against his affronted nostrils. Stung into terrific action, the bull made a ferocious charge and the fight was on.

Ted could hear Rose's exclamations and Mrs. Matthew's less musical gasps, but she herself was too absorbed for speech. Bob's football prowess sunk into insignificance before the thrilling duel before her of trained eye and splendid nerve against strength incarnate. Gicardo, with only that bright cape between himself and death, was advancing and retreating with a grace worthier a ballroom than an arena, now kneeling within the very circle of those deadly horns, now bowing ironically before his adversary and springing aside to tweak his tail as the bull charged impotently past him.

Ted found herself joining excitedly in the wild applause when the espada, trailing his weapon behind him, turned a contemptuous back upon his enemy and left him to the picadores. Her palms were still tingling as the horsemen bore down upon the bull, their gaudy trappings and knightly lances in ludicrous contrast to their unsightly steeds. There was another swift, blinding rush, this time with no elusive, maddening cape to escape vengeance; the cruel horns sank deep in the horse's body, lifted it staggering upward, flung it aside, and, heedless of the opposing lances, swept onward to another blindfolded, quivering victim while the audience shrieked in an ecstatic crescendo of delight. Ted could hear herself saying in a voice she did not recognise, "Can't you do anything? Christopher! Can't you do anything? I can't bear it."

Christopher's own voice had a strained note. "Don't look! I ought to be shot for getting you into this, but I never dreamed it was so awful. *Don't look*, Ted."

Her face was in her arms, but she she could not shut out that shuddering scream which pierced the clamor about her. It seemed an infinite heartbreaking reproach from the Shetland pony of her childhood, from her splendid hunter, from the whole gallant race she loved and understood as only a horsewoman can. She answered with a little, pitiful, strangled cry. It seemed centuries of misery before Mrs. Matthews was saying to her comfortingly—

"Look up, Ted, now. It's all right, dear. They've taken out the horses and everything's over except just killing the bull."

She opened her burning eyes. There was the same gay circle, the same glinting fans and fervid roses and sparkling faces; only the arena had changed, its golden sand crimsoned with great lakes of blood. In the center stood the bull, pierced with lance wounds, stabbed by the tinselled barbs of the bandilleros, which hung, a bright halo of pain, about his bloody neck, trembling with exhaustion and agony, dripping with sweat and gore, but facing still superbly in indomitable defeat that fatal bewildering cape which had lured him to his doom.

The utter helplessness of that brave defiance drove Ted into choking, reckless flight. She did not even realize that Christopher was beside her, guiding her stumbling steps, soothing her with consoling murmurs until she had reached the little plaza beyond the Tower of Gold. There that restraint which she had thought the keynote of her nature deserted her, and she wept like a hurt child, her head upon her arms.

Christopher did not try to stop her. He sat silent and rather white himself beside her on the bench, tracing with his cane intricate patterns in the earth. They were alone in the sunkissed little

"WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN," GROANED CHRISTOPHER, HIS DARK HEAD BETWEEN HIS FISTS. "IT TOOK ME JUST HALF AN HOUR IN THE ALHAMBRA TO LOSE MY SENSES, AND IT'S TAKEN ME JUST THAT LONG IN THAT INFERNAL BULL-RING TO FIND THEM AGAIN"

square which in its stillness and smiling beauty seemed a benediction after the bull-ring. After a long time Ted lifted her head and dried her eyes.

"I'm all right now," she said, in a voice which still shook uncontrollably. "Will you get me a cab and send me home please—Christopher? You must be going back to the others."

"I don't think I'll disturb them," Christopher said with that queer tone she had vaguely noted before. "I don't believe your cousin would want to leave. She seemed to be enjoying herself." He dropped all pretence of casualness and faced Ted in a horrified incredulity.

"*She liked it!*" he said roughly. "I was watching her all the time. She couldn't help but show that she did,—even that carnage of the horses." He wheeled away from Ted. "It's—it's unbelievable," he ended.

It was not unbelievable to Ted. That was the most unforgivable memory of her childhood—that time she had surprised Rose watching with a smile some small boys torturing a cat. But with the instinct of a generous enemy she tried to shield her cousin.

"You mustn't judge her like that," she began, but Christopher broke in tempestuously upon her defence.

"What a fool I've been!" he groaned, his dark head between his fists. "What an everlasting, unutterable fool! They say every man makes one of himself once in his life and this is my time all right. It took me just half an hour in the Alhambra to lose my senses and it's taken me just that long again in that infernal bull-ring to find them. How *could* she have blinded me like that,—when I knew you! Why she even made me think you hard—unwomanly—you! Ted, won't you let me tell you

"Ah, please," Ted begged him simply, with a dignity in her quiet appeal which made him stop miserably. "Don't think I'm angry—I hope we'll always be good friends—only, whatever your feelings towards Rose, surely you realize, Christopher, there can't ever be anything like that with us again."

"It's what I deserve, Heaven knows," Christopher began again determinedly after a wretched silence, "and you wouldn't be the girl you are if you didn't say just that. Don't you suppose I know you'd never be at the beck and call of any man?—that I've got to win you all over again? I wouldn't change that splendid, sweet pride of yours, no matter what it makes me suffer. I'll bear anything, Ted. Yes, I'll go through Europe on my knees after you—I'll stand any punishment you give me—only I can't and won't give you up! That fool infatuation has made me realize you, value you, love you, as nothing else could. In the end—Ted, you won't make me pay with a life time for two weeks' folly?—In the end you'll forgive me and let me have another chance? Oh, Ted, I love you! I love you!"

"It's impossible," Ted, outwardly unmoved, told him with gentle inexorableness. Within, fierce maidenliness, bleeding pride, and Love's first disillusionment warred desperately against that dear tenderness of Christopher's voice, against the fiery sweetness and passion of Andalusia pleading his cause with orange blossoms, with birds, with the haunting fragrance of her sensuous love-laden air, heavy with the perfume of a hundred thousand brides. A sudden muffled roar from afar broke its exquisite charm. Ted flung her arm over her eyes with a little broken cry—

"Ah, that poor bull! she breathed.

But her lover lifted his hat reverently. "God bless that bull," said Christopher.

How Many More?

WHAT THE BUSINESS MAN CAN MAKE IN CANADA

By Arthur I. Street

Illustrated by W. C. Sheppard

SECOND PAPER.

OR, aren't you a farmer?

Remember we were talking last month about how many more people the Western provinces of Canada could be expected to hold, and we wound up with a particular talk on the farmer's side.

We were showing how many new farms could be looked for, how many acres on a farm, and how many acres out of the how many would be good for cultivation. Now we're asking:

Aren't you a farmer? Are you only a farm dealer, or a lender—a fellow who buys and sells, not products but acres, who matches his gold against muscle and crops by "extending accommodation"? And are you curious to know where you'd get off on this farm proposition?

The answer is as easy as the other.

An increase of nine and three-quarter millions in population, a million and a half in dwellings, and three-quarters of a million in the number of farms would mean an increase in farm values of nearly two billions. And that's your particular "baby", isn't it? Increase in land values? Isn't that where you make your money? Isn't that the temptation that leads you into a new country?

Here's the arithmetic:

Possible increase in land values in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska.....	$ 322,056,540
Possible increase in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	1,180,525,370
Possible increase in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	319,977,356
Total possible increase in Western Canada.....	$1,820,559,266

Approximately two billion dollars, and that's only for the value of farm lands and improvements. It doesn't include live stock or agricultural implements, which amount to something in themselves, as we shall show presently. It's just land and fences and houses. And it's pretty near to two hundred dollars for every one of the nine and three-quarter million new residents. Or, if you reckon the nine and three-quarter millions as representing everyone from the father to the kid in the cradle, as of course it does, and if you therefore divide it by five to make it stand for families, it's about $1000 for each family. And wouldn't it be good to be in a section where every family, on the average, has a thousand dollars' worth of land? Couldn't you get busy there—trading, lending, promoting, any old thing of that kind?

THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND OF FARM MORTGAGING DOESN'T EXIST IN WESTERN CANADA

Why, in the United States, with all its maturity and ripeness of advancement, farm values come only within 10 per cent. of that. Yet, note what's doing there and has been doing for a century in the way of land swapping and farm mortgaging and financing, and things of that kind!

Not that we seek to encourage farm mortgaging. Certainly not farm mortgaging of the old kind, where the lender drove home the widow's cow when he couldn't get his money. But farming's becoming just as much of a business as any kind of business nowadays—just as scientific. It even has correspondence schools teaching methods of accounting. Farming borrows money and repays money, discounts its crops and redeems its charges the same as any merchant or manufacturer. So, where there are three-quarters of a million new farms and fifty million new improved acres of land, there's bound to be some money-dealing. Somebody has to do it. Somebody has to be there with the goods when they are wanted. And it doesn't take much discussion, does it, to show you the chances for the man that knows the game when values can improve almost two billions of dollars and still not carry any water?

Now, use your specs from another angle. An angle that gets a little closer to the man that don't farm and don't buy and sell or lend money on farms, and that yet prospers as the farm prospers and goes down when the farm hits the toboggan. We mean the merchant and manufacturer.

We are not going to talk in the air about these two. We're not going to speculate on generalities, and tell you that, of course, where there are nine and three-quarter million new inhabitants there must be stores and factories. We presume that your common sense will feed you with that kind of pap. What we are going to do is to fire another charge of mathematics at you.

That charge is like this:

Amount of new agricultural implements necessary in Manitoba to equal average in Nebraska	$ 17,203,960
Amount necessary in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	55,057,320
Amount necessary in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado	11,953,660
Total new agricultural implements necessary in Western Canada	$ [illegible]

Catch the drift of that? Nine and three quarter-millions more of inhabitants and three-quarters of a million

more farms will require eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements before they can be as proud of their up-to-dateness as are their compeers across the Border.

Figure on that total for awhile. Take your Western Canada map. Locate yourself in some presumptive place. Then measure your energy and your means against that $82,000,000 and see what share you think you could get. Conceive yourself at work all the while that these nine and three-quarter million people are coming in, extending the fame of your firm name, advertising yourself, showing the new farmers your new implements, offering them reasonable degrees of credit, "getting next." Wouldn't there be some simoleons in that? Or would you rather just stand outside and look on while the other fellow does the gathering?

Suppose you were something more than merely a dealer in agricultural implements. Suppose you were a maker of things of that sort. Or suppose you made tools? Or suppose you made pants? Suppose, in short, you were a manufacturer. How would the idea of a new market of nine and three-quarter millions appeal to you? It's one-fifth as many as there are in the United Kingdom. And it's a couple of million more than there are now in the whole of Canada. Couldn't you find something doing in a bunch of that size?

Well, here's the manufacturing side of Western Canada. Here's the arithmetic:

Potential new manufacturing output in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska...$	87,191,995
Potential new manufacturing in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	252,022,270
Potential new manufacturing in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	298,841,500
Total potential new manufacturturing in Western Canada...$	638,055,765

That's considerable, that six hundred and thirty-eight millions, isn't it? And it isn't unreasonable. For, if the farming shows up like all outdoors, as we have shown that it does, why should all the goods be sent out of the section to buy clothing and bedding and tinware and coal scuttles and horseshoes? Why shouldn't the money be kept at home among the home folks? Why not grow things, just as you would make them? Nebraska does it. And Texas and Colorado do it. And nobody ever heard of these states being much prated of as manufacturing states. They're babies in the art. They only put out from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of manufactured products per capita from their mills, while such states as Ohio and Illinois put out over two or three times that much. Yet, at that, Texas, Nebraska and Colorado turn so many mills that Western Canada will have to do the sort of climbing we mention above to equal them.

And, happily enough, Western Canada has the stuff to do the climbing with. She's got the coal, the wood, and the water power. Edmonton, in Alberta, is a young Pittsburg already, as everybody knows, with thirty working coal mines within talking distance of her front and back doors. And

THERE ARE THIRTY WORKING COAL MINES WITHIN TALKING DISTANCE OF EDMONTON

Calgary in the same province is almost in the same class.

Then, there's the coal of British Columbia, without which the whole Pacific Coast would have starved, coal-wise, almost, for the past thirty or forty years. Water is everywhere. Lakes and rivers lie around like lost souls, merely waiting for somebody to save them, offering 20,000, 40,000, 80,000, 100,000 horse power at a whack. Really, it's almost a shame, there are so many of them.

RIVERS LIE AROUND, OFFERING 100,000 HORSE-POWER AT A WHACK TO SOMEBODY

Manitoba and Saskatchewan don't do so much, as yet, in the coal line. But you can't stop them on water power. There's no limit. It's Alberta and British Columbia however, that do the coaling. And, you know, we said we were not going to talk hot air; we were going to stick down to facts. Water power is being put in by all the Manitoba and Saskatchewan cities and along all the rivers at a rate that makes one's hair stand up. But it's hard to get a basis for comparisons. Nebraska isn't heavy on water power. Neither is Texas. Colorado begins to be. So, leaving that side of things for your imagination, we'll stick to the coal.

And even here we'll have to make a little change. For, Nebraska and Texas, with all their virtues, are not coal states. Colorado is. Raise Alberta's and British Columbia's population and coal production to Colorado's level, and their coal output will figure up like this:

Potential increase in British Columbia coal output to equal the average of Colorado	26,298,052 tons
Potential increase in Alberta's coal output to equal the average of Colorado	7,349,705 tons
Total potential coal increase in Alberta and British Columbia	33,647,757 tons

Thirty-three million and a half more tons of coal to do manufacturing business with, to heat the house, to fry the bacon, and to run the railroads! Isn't that going some? It's about one-sixth of the total output of the greatest coal outputting region in the world—Pennsylvania. And it'd be a pretty complicated job, wouldn't it, to estimate what one-sixth of the coal business of Pennsylvania brings in, in ready money, or puts in motion in the way of factories, or supports in the way of numbers of people? If you could get at the total, it'd be a sort of capper on the door-arch of the whole future of Western Canada,—no? A sort of official yard stick by which to measure to-morrow, if you prefer that figure of speech better.

There's only about one thing to consider after that, isn't there? After you've seen what's likely to be doing in the way of population. After you've seen how many farms are piled up on the pastry counter. After you've had the lid lifted off the roof of the future manufacturing situation. After you've glimpsed the tunnels and stopes and drifts of the coal mines, what is there left, in a climactic way, to consider except—well, the banks?

The banks are the wells into which the current of prosperity flows and from which the water of future growth and achievement is drawn. They are the sine qua non (which means the

ON THE PACIFIC COAST, WHERE BRITISH COLUMBIA DIPS DOWN INTO THE SEA, THE BANK CLEARINGS ARE FROM $1,500 TO $1,700 PER CAPITA

can't-do-withouts) of modern civilization. And in Western Canada they are—

Well, they're booming. Some cities that are not so all-fired big have eighteen of them. In some the clearings run up to over four thousand dollars per capita. In mid-country Calgary and Edmonton they run from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred dollars per head. On the Pacific Coast, where British Columbia dips into the sea, the cities of Victoria and Vancouver hold their clearings at from fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred.

But for a' that, the banks of Western Canada have a mighty journey yet to go. They've got to follow that crowd of nine and three-quarter millions of people into all the recesses and crannies and prairies and mountains. They've got to get next to the new conditions and nurse and father them. And here's the arithmetic of some of their possibilities. It isn't all of them. For, in making the comparisons we've stuck only to one side of banking. We've only figured from what are known in the United States as national banks, not from the state banks or the trust companies. We've only used the sums that are turned into Uncle Sam's controller at Washington. And they make the totals look like this:

Increase in loans and discounts in Manitoba to equal the average in the national bank of Nebraska	$ 48,855,315
Increase in same in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	298,447,425
Increase in same in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado	181,695,632
Total increase in loans and discounts in Western Canada	$528,998,372

That's over half a billion, and it takes no account as we said of the "state banks" and the trust companies. It says nothing about deposits. It says nothing about clearings. It's just the loans and discounts in a particular class of banks, for which there is no exact parallel between the United States and Canada. It's what the presumably most conservative of style of banks in the United States would be expected to do if transferred across the Border into Western Canada.

But it's enough, isn't it, for calculating? It's enough for thinking purposes? It's enough to bring the increase in population and farms and buildings and manufacturing and all that sort of thing down to the hard, round shape of gold and silver? It's enough to translate the great hegira of the next couple of decades into terms that fit into the individual pocket, into the terms—dollars—that everybody understands?

Bind together all the other things of which we have told you—and we haven't begun to tell you the things we might tell—wrap them around with this golden twine of banking business, and here's your tale of the New Canada of To-morrow in a few sentences:

Five hundred and ninety-eight pieces of land pie for every nine persons—of which any able-bodied person ought to be able to get his share.

Nine and three-quarter millions of new population—which means that every person in Eastern Canada, and

then some, could move west, settle down, and still be surrounded by nearly sixty acres of farm land.

One and a half million new dwellings —in the building of which, or the owning of which or the trading in which,

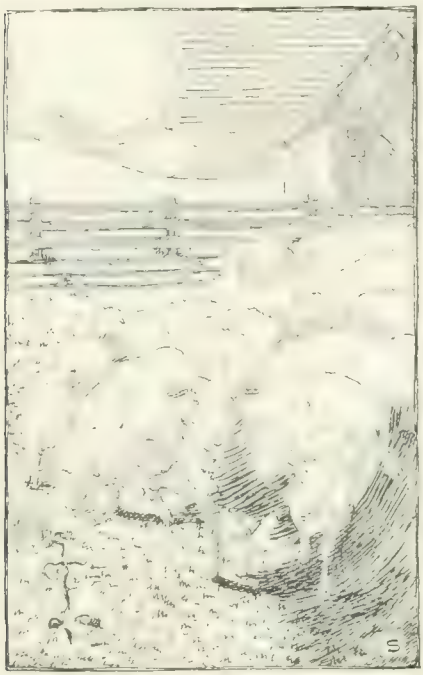


FIGURE UP THE INCREASED VALUE OF FARM LANDS AND FARM PRODUCTS FOR A MINUTE

any good hustler ought to have no difficulty in "butting in."

Three-quarters of a million more farms—which are three and a half farms to every farmer that is supposed to have entered Canada from the United States within the past five or more years; in other words, three and a half times as many farms yet available as United States farmers have thus far been able to take hold of.

Nearly two billion dollars prospective increase in the value of farm lands and improvements—which anybody with a penchant for making money in lands can determine the significance of for himself—or herself.

Eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements to be used—which is sufficient to appeal to the mercantile sense of anybody that ever sold a plow or weighed nails.

Over six hundred million dollars' worth more of manufactures to be turned out—a sum the size of which is capable of distribution among more than one man who understands the handling of a loom, or the tempering of a furnace.

Thirty-three million tons of coal to be produced—which is one-sixth as much as suffices to make Pennsylvania the second richest state in the United States.

And finally, half a billion dollars worth of loans and discounts to be handled by the most conservative and law-restrained class of bankers—a prospect that needs no words to make its importance more vivid or the truth of the possibilities more truthful.

Imagination needs but to follow these items out through such ditches and rivers, watercourses and railroad tracks, grain elevators and country stores as the particular imaginator may be familiar with. The lesson is unavoidable. There is no danger of missing it. Before the spectator stands one of the great continental epics, now in the working. Four provinces in one nation nearly four times as big as the original thirteen states of the United States, and the population more widely scattered in two of them than in the desert land of Arizona. Four provinces at the edge of such an inevitable overflow of population and energy and evolution as swept over the Northwest of the United States thirty or forty years ago and that left behind a permanent population almost four times as thick as the densest part of this new world. There can be no doubt of what will happen. The measure is only one of degrees. And the degrees that we have used in these two articles have been overmodest ones.

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

THE ball of embroidery silk from which Alice had been working her design had rolled away unheeded under the table, and Dandelion, the yellow kitten, was stalking it with lashing tail and a great pretence of ferocity. Alice's bright eyes sparkled intensely, and she leaned forward. This was a romance of a sort that had seldom come into her nineteen years of experience. Adventure in plenty she had had; she had seen Indian raids, and buffalo hunts; had ridden across the plains with detachments out after cattle thieves, and once had chanced directly upon the cache of a gang of whiskey-runners; but love in that womanless country had been rather out of her province, except as the young officers had cast themselves respectably at her feet, with Miss Dexter watching the proceeding out of the tail of her humorous eye. She meant to have her full share of this episode.

"Is he handsome?" she inquired.

"He has very good teeth, and a clean-cut profile. Yes, I should say he was," decided Edith.

"We'll have to get him up here on some pretext or other. I know. I'll get Aunt Margaret to write and ask him to call so we can thank him. He saved our lives, remember."

"Oh, you mustn't, Alice. Your

father would be dreadfully angry, and there's no need of getting you into trouble."

"I will, though. And I'll manage it so you and he and I can get off from the rest, and figure out some way."

But Edith shook her head. "He'll never stand it for a minute. No, my dear, we mustn't be foolish. It will all come out right some way. But I wish I knew what to do."

"Maybe I can ask dad, without his knowing what I'm driving at. He's a dear old stupid when I get hold of him, even if he is a Major. Hush! There he is now."

The door of the next room opened, and the Major came in with the Commissioner.

"—but he hinted that Smith might have something to do with it," the Commissioner was saying, "and I can't find anybody who saw him after the alarm. It is just possible—"

The girls looked at each other, and Edith laid a finger on her lip.

"I won't believe that until it's proved to me," returned the Major emphatically. "Why, Commissioner, Smith's the man who saved Alice's life yesterday."

"Well," the Commissioner rejoined, "at least it will do no harm to keep an eye on his movements, and those of Caron, as well as watch the men who were out on pass. I shall feel easier when Riel is off our hands."

With that, they fell to talking of other things, and the girls quietly tiptoed out of the next room. Both of them, of course, knew about the previous night's alarm, and it was easy to piece together from the fragments they had overheard that Smith was suspected of complicity in the plot to free Riel.

"I'll wager my best bonnet that Jackson was the man who did the hinting," declared Alice, once they were safe upstairs, and Edith nodded.

"Jackson got Frank out of the hospital with that wrenched arm of his and made him go on duty," she said, "and possibly he did it intentionally, with this in view. I wouldn't hesitate to suspect that man of anything."

"Oh, I don't believe he would be mixed up in a plot like this," demurred Alice. "He's a martinet and a bully and a disagreeable creature, but duty is his fetich, and I think his character isn't one to entertain treachery against the service he's in."

"Perhaps. It may be that Frank covered my retreat to the house, and that's why he wasn't seen when the alarm began. But it makes me boil to think that they are ungrateful enough to suspect him. There isn't a more honorable man breathing. I'd like to tell the Commissioner where he was when that alarm started."

Alice looked very grave. "That, in itself, is an infraction of duty, of course," she said. "Sentries on their posts aren't expected to talk to old sweethearts or help them get away unobserved. Still, it isn't as bad as being mixed up in a plot, I suppose. Perhaps you may have to tell the Commissioner."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other anxiously. Then Edith threw up her head with a characteristic gesture.

"If it comes to that," she declared, "I will."

CHAPTER V.

"Now then, who's next? You, Jones?'"

The men waiting to see the doctor at the hospital, were seated on a long bench in the outer office, and a stir ran through them at Sergeant Donovan's brisk speech. Jones, a lanky, tall trooper with a face like a horse, rose to his feet like a jackknife unclosing, and followed the sergeant rather ruefully into the surgery. The rest looked at each other, grinning.

"Bet you a tanner, it's castor-oil," remarked Westaway to Tom Nichols.

"Go you," said Nichols. "I'll lay my money on ipecac. That's what old Pills gave me last week, and I haven't got the taste of it out of my mouth yet."

The waiting crowd was a motley one. Nichols had his arm in a sling; Westaway sported an elaborate bandage and shade about a remarkably pretty black eye obtained in a pugilistic encounter behind the hay corral.

Another had a crutch beside him and wore a moccasin on his left foot; he had been kicked by a horse. Some had cuts and bruises to show, while still others had no outward and visible signs of internal ailment. Of these, only one possessed a real complaint, and that was a headache brought on by over indulgence in the four-per-cent. beer of the Territories, generally called "ginger wine." The rest trusted to their "song-and-dance" to get put off duty, a hope that, with the doctor's shrewd little eyes on them, generally proved vain. Illness got careful attention with a vigorous lecture on the side; but the "bilks" received castor oil—and duty. The last man to enter was Caron, Inspector Jackson's French-Canadian servant.

"Well, Caron, what's wrong with you?" inquired the doctor, with an estimating glance, which changed as he noted the lines of pain around Caron's mouth.

But the French-Canadian spoke nonchalantly.

"Why, doctor, I sprained my wrist this morning, leading Dandy to water, and I'd like some lotion for it."

"How did you manage to do that ?"

"Oh ! The cursed brute took fright at something, and bolted. But I hung on to him, until he almost tore my arm out."

"H'm ! I should say he did," commented the doctor, examining the wrist, which was quite black and badly swollen. "You say this happened this morning ? At what time ?"

"Oh, early—about seven o'clock."

"Strange," mused the doctor. "This looks as if it had been done at least twelve hours ago. Why didn't you come to me at once?"

"I didn't want to bother you so early," answered Caron. "Besides, I didn't think it was anything but a bit of a strain until it began to swell up. It's not anything serious. Just give me some liniment for it."

"You must have been mad to keep hold of the horse until you got so badly hurt. Take off your jacket and roll up your sleeve." I want to have a look at your shoulder."

"Oh, it's all right, doctor," demurred Caron, making no move to divest himself of his tunic. "I just want some liniment or lotion, and to have you put me off duty for to-day. I don't want to trouble you."

The doctor made an impatient gesture. "Why man, your wrist must be dislocated. Take off your jacket at once, and let me see your arm."

Reluctantly the man obeyed, and the doctor started with surprise. For the sleeve of his shirt was stained with blood, which still flowed freely from a wound in his shoulder which had been clumsily bandaged. Caron smiled airily.

"I got this from a kick," he said lightly. "I got into a row in town yesterday with one of the railroad men, and three of them piled on me."

"Indeed ?" said the doctor, examining the wound.

"Yes. They called me——" and he repeated an epithet. "Of course that meant the fight. I knocked one on the head, and then the others piled on me, knocked me down, and one of them kicked me with his heavy boots here, while I lay on the sidewalk. But I'll get even with him."

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor at this juncture. "I don't want to hear any more. It's the curing of hurts we do here; not the listening to how you came by them. Look here, Donovan," he added, pointing to the wound. "Sit down, Caron. Get a bandage, Sergeant, while I prepare a lotion for his wrist."

Without further glancing at the French-Canadian, the doctor bustled off to the far end of the surgery, and began clinking about among his bottles. Presently Donovan followed him for more antiseptic gauze.

"What think ye av that ?" he inquired under-breath.

The doctor snorted. "Why, the fellow has been shot," he answered. "I can see the mark of the bullet quite plainly."

"I thought so," answered the sergeant. "And, by the Lord Harry, doctor, he is the man who—"

"Hush !" cautioned the doctor. "Don't say a word !"

So Caron's wound was attended to

and he departed to his room, rejoicing that he had got off duty, and never dreaming that his shrewdly concocted story was disbelieved in every particular.

CHAPTER VI.

"THEY'VE arrested Smith !"

Alice Barton tumbled headlong into the quiet sitting room where Edith Wheelock and Miss Dexter were placidly drinking afternoon tea beside the fire. The elder lady looked up, with eyebrows raised. Edith said nothing. Only, she stopped eating her wafer, and set down her cup with a hand that shook.

"They've arrested Smith," Alice repeated. She still gave the appearance of headlong haste, although she had come to a standstill. "What can Dad be thinking of ? It's too ridiculous for words ! Why, he's as innocent as—as Dandy, there. I never heard of such a thing !"

Dandelion, hearing his name, awoke, and uttered a plaintive mew, but he might as well have mewed to Juno in wrath. Miss Dexter looked at Alice gravely, and spoke with her usual dignity,

"My dear, is that any reason why you should frighten us out of our wits ?"

"It's time somebody was frightened, I think," replied Alice with spirit. "Why, Aunt Margaret, it's *our* Constable Smith ! That old fool of a Commissioner—"

"That will do," said Miss Dexter, cutting through the girl's sentence like a steel blade through silk. "Go to your room, Alice, until you can enter and speak like an officer's daughter."

Gentle though Miss Dexter was, her authority was absolute in the house, and when she spoke in that tone, it commanded instant obedience. Alice flushed, clicked her heels together, inclined her head to her aunt, and went out, restraining impending tears.

"Now, do you suppose that is really so ?" demanded Miss Dexter of Edith, when Alice had left them ? "I understood that he was very highly respected in the force, and in line for promotion."

"I don't know, Aunt Margaret," answered the girl. The passage with Alice had given her time to control herself, and her voice was steady. "Inspector Jackson, I believe, has some dislike to him. It may be that—"

"It wouldn't surprise me at all," declared Miss Dexter with some warmth. "I can't bear that man, with his superior English ways. Captain he may have been, but I'll warrant he murdered somebody for his commission. That young Smith is twice as much a man. I never saw anyone bear pain and thanks with such equal fortitude as he did at the hospital the day he stopped your horses."

"He is unquestionably brave." replied Edith, and, urged on by this unexpected praise of her lover, might have said more, had not the bell rung at that instant, and the Commissioner's wife dropped in to share Miss Dexter's tea. Her first news was on the subject they had just been discussing.

"My dear, they're holding a court-martial over at the orderly room this afternoon, or I'd have brought the Commissioner with me. He always says that between the talk and the Scotch you keep, he enjoys himself at your teas more than he ever expected to with any living woman. But he buckled on his sword just as I was getting out my bonnet, and said there was no rest for the wicked, or Commissioners of the Mounted Police, and went over to go into this matter of Frank Smith."

"Frank Smith ? what is the charge against him ?" inquired Miss Dexter.

"My dear, I don't know. I make it a point not to know the Commissioner's business, and that's why I'm so dreadfully low on gossip. All the really interesting things I have to hear from someone else. But it's something about being off his post, I think. I know Commissioner's disappointed about it. *Cross*—my dear !" And the vivacious little lady held up her hands with a musical chuckle over the frailties of mankind.

At this point, Edith, who had been listening with her usual grave face, said something about more hot water, and vanished.

Once in the kitchen, she hesitated for an instant. Should she get from

Alice what Alice knew, or—no, there wasn't time. With swift decision, she threw on her coat and made for the hospital, walking into the surgery with,

"Doctor, they're courtmartialling Frank Smith for leaving his post and for complicity in Riel's attempted escape."

"What!" The old doctor jumped. "The devil they are?——I beg your pardon, Miss Edith."

"Don't ask questions for a minute, doctor,——" she was past conventionalities now—"but have Terence find Larry Devine and his bit of torn tunic, and while he's finding him, I'll tell you about it."

The doctor glanced at her dark, controlled face, hesitated a second, and then, going to the door, spoke to the hospital orderly, who departed on the trot.

"Thankyou," she said as he returned. "We haven't a minute to lose. I learned of the court-martial only just now, and they may have condemned Smith by this time."

"But, my dear Miss Edith, Larry Devine's bit of torn tunic won't prove that Smith wasn't off his post that night."

"No. But I can."

"You! Miss Edith, you don't want to be mixed up in an affair of this kind. Let Larry and me go over. We'll do what we can, And Smith has a good record. That will be in his favor."

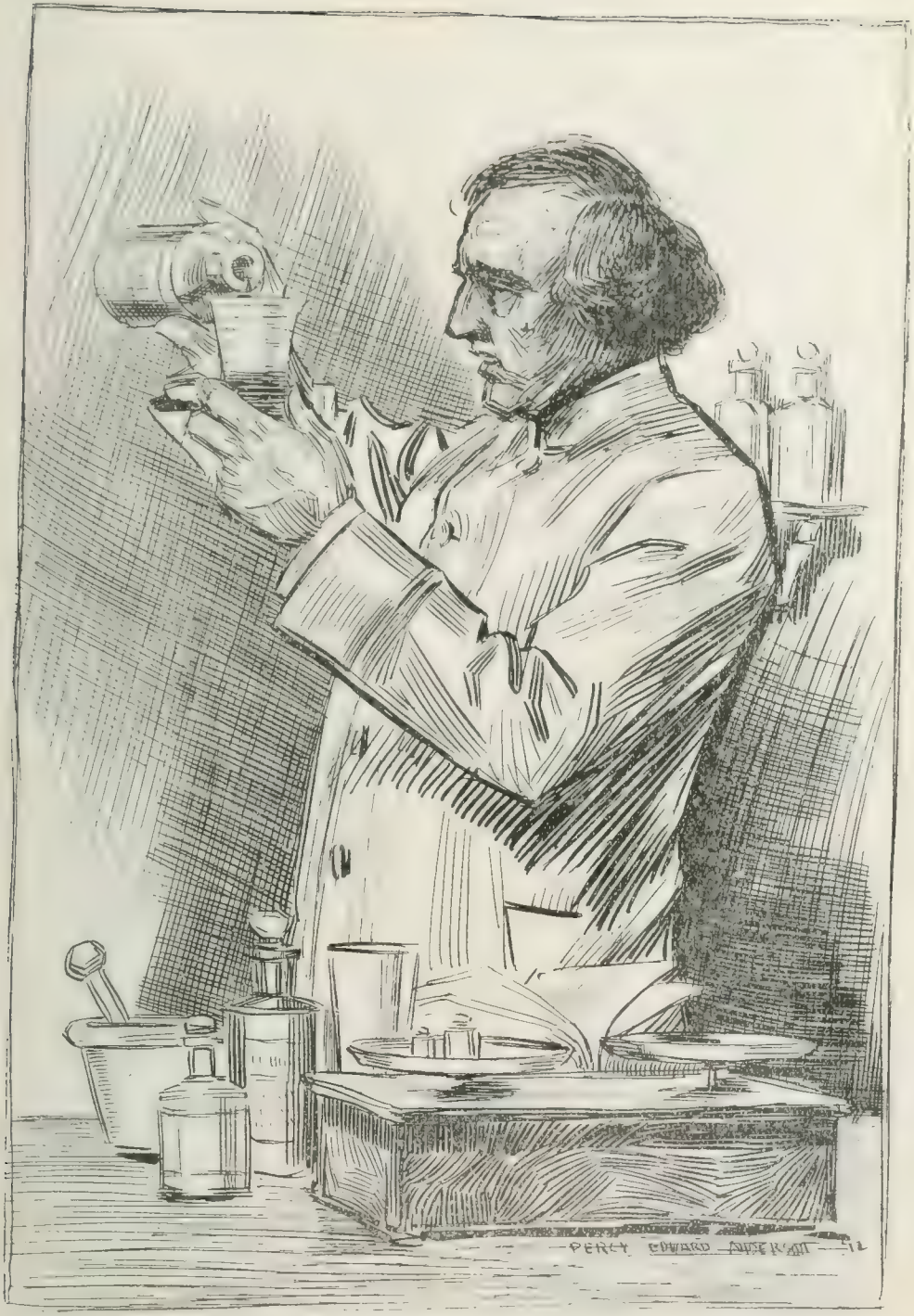
She shook her head. "I must go myself. I'm so thankful that you told me Larry's story. I'd not have known what to do, otherwise. Doctor, I used to be engaged to Frank Smith in England, and he has saved my life since I've been here. In such a case, wouldn't you do everything you could to save him?"

She spoke eloquently, and the doctor regarded her with eyes in which admiration and humor were strangely mingled.

"Begad, my dear," he said, "you needn't tell Isabella of it, but I wish I stood in Frank Smith's shoes this minute."

The faces at the orderly-room were a curious study in expression. Dominating them all, was the soldierly, stern countenance of the Commissioner, his clean-shaven jaw square-set, but a hint of puzzlement in his eyes. Major Barton was frankly disappointed and indignant; Jackson, inscrutable. Caron's handsome dark face betrayed nothing of the fear that haunted him—easy, graceful, respectfully nonchalant, he gave his delicately-shaded evidence that was designed to bring Frank Smith to a shameful imprisonment and dismissal with an air of connoisseurship, tempered with a discreet regret. It was at Inspector Jackson's instance that the trial was held, and he was Jackson's servant; yet Constable Smith was his comrade; let the right prevail, said his attitude.

The rest of the faces betrayed nothing but distaste for the affair, and an anxiety to get it over with as soon as possible. Frank Smith watched the Commissioner with expressionless eyes, and when he spoke, his voice had no tone. Further than to say that he had left the hospital on the night of Riel's attempted deliverance, at Inspector Jackson's orders, and had been on post at number three until the time of the alarm, he had maintained a respectful but persistent silence. Between the time of his leaving the hospital and the hour when he came off duty, no one had seen him; and for the interval he would not account. Inspector Jackson had seen him talking with a couple of half-breeds a day or two before the attempt. This he admitted, but explained that they were Little Horse and the Beaver, with whom he had hunted the season before, and whom he had met casually. Caron had seen him running from the direction of number six just after the alarm. This also he admitted, but refused to explain. Among his effects had been found two or three socialistic books, and some clippings dealing favorably with Riel's cause. The evidence was slight, but the defence nothing, and on his own admission he had been off his post during the night. Twelve months imprisonment, and dismissal from the service in disgrace looked him in the face, and he stared back at it unflinching. The Commissioner had his



ISABELLA OF IT, BUT I WISH I STOOD IN FRANK SMITH'S SHOES THIS MINUTE"

mouth open to say the words, when the door of the orderly room opened, and Edith stepped smoothly in, the doctor beside her, and Larry Devine, still bandaged and leaning on his crutch, following behind.

"One moment, Commissioner," said Edith. She was pale, but her voice was low.

The Commissioner frowned. Such an intrusion was unprecedented, and although he admired Edith personally, he did not approve of woman's mixing themselves in men's affairs. Suffragettes were unknown in the eighties, and St. Paul was still quoted on the whole duty of womankind.

"Another time, my dear Miss Wheelock," he said politely. "We are busy at present. Shall we say this evening at Major Barton's ?"

"Yes ! Run along home, Edith," put in the Major brusquely. "This is no place for you," and he shot an indignant look at the doctor, who returned it unmoved.

But Edith did not budge.

"I am sorry to intrude, Commissioner," she said, "but I have some valuable evidence in this case. If you would do justice to an accused man, do not send me away unheard."

"In this case ?" The Commissioner looked astonished. "But, my dear young lady, what can you possibly know about it ?"

"Then you will hear me ?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Frank Smith unexpectedly, "but I should much prefer that the young lady should not give her testimony. She is mistaken in thinking she can help me, and—and—I had rather not, sir," he ended lamely, with the Commissioner's keen eyes upon him.

"So-o ?" commented the Commissioner, apparently not noticing Smith's protest and speaking to Edith. "I think we will hear what you have to say. Are the doctor and Constable Devine witnesses too ?"

"Indirectly, yes," returned Edith. "But if it is regular, I should like to tell my story first."

"It is not exactly regular," said the Commissioner, "but in this case I think we can waive the regulations. Proceed, Miss Edith."

How her heart beat ! The pallor of her face had been succeeded by a dark flush that made her beauty more brilliant than ever, and her eyes glowed. But she clung frantically to her self-control. There must be no tears, no nerves, in this ordeal, she told herself, and she spoke slowly, measuring each word before it passed her lips.

"Some years ago, in England," she began, "I knew Constable Smith, and in fact was his fiancee." A stir went around the orderly-room, and every eye turned to the accused, who looked uncomfortably at the knees of his trousers. But Edith went on. "Through a misunderstanding, we lost sight of each other, and it was not until I saw him on duty the afternoon of the runaway that I knew where he was. As you know, he saved my life and that of Miss Barton on that day. That evening I slipped away from Major Barton's, with my mind made up to see him, if only for a moment. You recall the evening, Commissioner ?"

The Commissioner tugged at his mustache. "Yes," he agreed. "Whist party, wasn't it ? Miss Dexter said you were shaken by the afternoon's experience, and had retired. And you went to see him ? Very irregular, Miss Edith."

"Perhaps," she said. "At least, I went. He had refused to see me when I applied at the hospital in the afternoon, and I went there first. I learned that Inspector Jackson had ordered him on duty, and that he was down there by the creek. I went to the creek, and found him."

"Did you realize that if you were found out, it would be a very serious thing for Constable Smith, and for you ?"

"I didn't think much about it at first. But he told me frankly that I must not talk to him, nor he to me; and did his best to make me go back to the Major's. I wouldn't go, and finally, as the quickest way to end the difficulty, he talked with me a few minutes."

"Did you think that he might have

any reason other than the obvious one for trying to make you go back ?"

"No. We talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and after his first attempt to send me home, I think he forgot the danger of discovery."

A little smile ran around the orderly room at this. Smith made a quick movement.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"That will do," said the Commissioner sternly. "There is no reflection on Miss Wheelock." And the smiles faded out beneath his cold glance.

"I mean," explained Edith, blushing, "that we were both so engrossed in clearing up the misunderstanding which had parted us that we forgot our situation. Constable Smith continued to patrol his post, and I walked along with him, in conversation. Suddenly we heard three shots from some distance away, and a scream, and somebody ordering somebody else to halt."

"What did he say then ?"

"He said, 'Get to the house, Edith—there's trouble afoot."

"Nothing else ?"

"Nothing, except that I should go quickly."

"And you went at once, or did you delay ?"

"At once," Edith was not going to tell about that swift-snatched kiss. "I ran like a rabbit. The whole square was awake, it seemed to me, and I was afraid of being challenged. I heard the bugler sounding the assembly just as I got inside our back gate."

"Did you meet anyone ?"

"No. Once I thought I heard footsteps behind me, but I didn't look to see who it was. I thought afterwards that perhaps Constable Smith might have followed me to see that I got home safely."

The Commissioner interrogated Smith with a glance, and he inclined his head in assent.

"So you see, Commissioner," Edith went on earnestly, "he couldn't have been mixed up in the assault on Constable Devine, because I can account for at least twenty-five minutes directly prior to the alarm, which is just when the assault took place."

Insensibly most of the group had come closer to Edith as she narrated her story, but as it progressed, Caron had drawn quietly away. Now, like a shadow, he moved toward the door; but the doctor interposed a strong leg.

"No, you don't," he said curtly. "I've got something to say toy ou, my man."

"Sacre ! Let go !" hissed Caron, twisting like an eel as the doctor grasped the shoulder of his tunic, and the room turned to the sound of the scuffle.

"Halt !" said the Commissioner sharply. "What is all this ?"

But the doctor was too busy with his quarry to make reply. For once, Caron had lost his nerve and his nonchalance, and with head down and every muscle taut, was making a blind break for liberty. One or two of the officers stepped forward to help the doctor, and Inspector Jackson watched them with impassive eyes. The struggle was brief. Caron fought silently, like a trapped wolverine, but in a moment he was overcome, and stood panting and disheveled, with the doctor's hand on his coat-collar.

"It looks bad for that chap," murmured one of the officers to another. "Why the devil was he in such a hurry to get away ?"

Jackson's eyes narrowed to slits. He believed that he could rely on Caron's fear of him to keep a check on his tongue. Yet, although he had been careful to keep clear of any direct accusation of Smith, and had merely suggested that the constable should offer some explanation of his movements on the night of the alarm, he had no wish to have Caron tell all he knew.

But the Commissioner was repeating his inquiry, and Caron in sullen silence stood listening to the doctor's reply.

"This man came to me, the morning after the alarm, with a plain gunshot wound in his shoulder," explained the doctor, "and now he seems a trifle too anxious to get away."

"Indeed !" said the Commissioner. "I believe Miss Wheelock said that you and Constable Devine also had something to add to the evidence in this case."

"We certainly have," retorted the doctor, "and interesting as Miss Wheelock's narrative has been, I think we will win the prize yet. . . . . Stand still, you French-Canadian body-snatcher," he added, with a shake, as Caron wriggled. The Commissioner could not repress a smile.

"This is indeed an unusual case," he said, "but since we have stretched a point in Miss Wheelock's favor, we will continue to stretch it in yours. Will you inform the court what evidence you have to offer ?"

"Just this," said the doctor. "On the morning after the alarm, this man, Caron, came to my surgery, asking for lotion for his arm. His wrist was badly swollen and discolored, although he stated that the accident had occurred only a few hours earlier. I insisted on seeing the upper part of his arm, and, unwillingly, he stripped off his jacket. There was an unmistakable gunshot wound just below the deltoid muscle. He accounted for it by saying he had been kicked in a fight the day before while on leave of absence in town. However, the wound was still bleeding, and the whole injury showed every sign of having been inflicted about ten or twelve hours earlier—in other words, about the time of the alarm. Later I learned by inquiring that he had not been away from the barracks the previous day. Hospital Sergeant Donovan was present at the time, and spoke to me about it."

"Why did you not report this earlier ?"

"I had an idea that Caron was up to some devilment, and wanted to give him a little more rope to hang himself by. Both Donovan and I have kept a watch on him ever since.

"H'm", said the Commissioner. "Is that all ?"

"It is."

"How did you happen to come over here at the critical moment?"

"I brought him, Commissioner," put in Edith quickly. "By accident I heard that Constable Smith was on trial, and I went to the hospital at once to get the doctor and Constable Devine."

The Commissioner looked at this resourceful and prompt young lady with amusement and disapproval mingled on his face.

"Very irregular again, Miss Edith," he said. "How did you happen to know your—er—point of attack?"

The doctor and Edith exchanged glances. "I'm afraid that was rather irregular, too," she answered. "The doctor and I are good friends."

"I see," said the Commissioner. Now what have you to add to this, Devine ?"

"On the night of the alarm, sor," answered Larry, "I saw a man pass me in uniform, but I took him for wan av the Day Guard. I thought it was quare he should be goin' in that direction, so I followed, and saw him wid two others in civies. I thought it was desartin' they were, an' called on them to halt. But the man in the regimentals struck me over the head wid a loaded shtick, "and Larry touched his bandage, "and I wint undher."

"Can you swear that the man who struck you is present ?"

"I cud not, sor. 'Twas mortial dark, and I cudn't see his face."

The Commissioner turned to Sergeant Murphy.

"You took check rounds at what time ?"

"At eleven-fifteen, sir, and reported all present, except the men out on pass. However, there might have been a dummy in Caron's bed, for I did not turn down the blankets."

"If you please, sor," said Devine, addressing the court, "ask him if that is the tunic he had on the night of the shootin'."

"Certainly," said Caron, "it is the same one. Why not ? Death of my life, why not ?" he demanded, suddenly jarred out of his calm, and turning to Devine.

"That will do," said the Commissioner. Sergeant-Major, will you have this man's quarters examined at once, and all tunics there brought to the orderly-room ?"

A mounted policeman's effects are not many, and presently the messenger returned, carrying a second scarlet jacket. In the right sleeve, near the shoulder, was a hole about three inches

square, where a piece of the cloth had evidently been torn out.

"How came you to tear your tunic in that way?" inquired the Commissioner.

Caron's eyes fell. "I don't know," he answered with an attempt at indifference. "I never noticed it particularly before."

"But I did," said Devine, stepping forward, and taking a piece of red cloth from his pocket, "and I have the piece to mend it with. See, sor," he continued, fitting it in the hole. "It matches exactly. It's the same color—the same size—and fits to a hair's breadth."

"What do you mean, Devine?" asked the Commissioner.

"I mean, sor," said Larry, "that I can swear that this is the man who assaulted me, for when he struck me I grabbed him by the coat sleeve and held on so tight that I tore away a piece of the cloth, which I've kept ever since—an' there it is!"

To be continued

THE BANSHEE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE banshee cries on the rising wind
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
The dead to free, and the quick to bind—
(Close fast the shutter and draw the blind!)
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

Why are you paler, my dearest dear?
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
'Tis but the wind in the elm tree near—
(Acushla, hush, lest the banshee hear!)
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

See how the crackling fire up-springs
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
Up and yet up on its flame-red wings.
Hark how the cheerful kettle sings!
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

Core of my heart! How cold your lips,
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
White as the spray the wild wind whips,
Still as your icy finger-tips!
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!

On the rising wind the banshee cries—
O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!
I kiss your hair; I kiss your eyes—
The kettle is dumb; the red flame dies!
Ochone! Ochone! Ochone!

LIKE VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA, ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE PACIFIC, WE WERE SALUTING THE SOUTHERN SEA

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin,
Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

THIRD PAPER

From the Canon del Salto to the Sea-shore.

THE sun was already high in the heavens when I awoke and found that my tent had disappeared and the camp was cleared away. As I had passed the night without undressing I was soon ready and on hearing the cry of "All on board" I hastened to the boat for fear they might leave me behind. I was still aching all over but felt greatly relieved after a good breakfast. The incidents of the previous day were still the subject of every conversation, and on the boat putting off we all turned instinctively to the canon from which we had so providentially escaped.

For some time yet the rapids followed in succession one upon another and gave us not one moment's repose. An hour after, we arrived at a place called "Paso de la Barita" where a messenger was awaiting us with a letter from Senor Favila in which he warned us not

to venture the passing of the Salto in the boats. The message should have reached us the day before at Balsas, but there was no need for it whatever, as like Lee Stark we ought never to have abandoned the boats. At this spot, the same as farther down at the "Paso de la Goleta" the current intercepts the public road between Guerrero and Michoacan and as the river here cannot be forded on horseback a service of lighters transport travellers and animals from one bank to the other. We later crossed the lands of "El Organal" where an extensive mineral zone commences and embraces the right bank of the river up to Panoa. It is rich in silver and copper. Along this zone the railway from Luznaran will run, which line crossing the river Balsas at that point will extend via La Union to the port of Sihuatanejo. During the morning we came upon a noisy rivulet which supplied us with the crystalline water we were in such need of as the Balsas water continued to come down as dirty as ever. At Ojo de Agua the river widens extraordinarily and from this point down to the sea forms the ancient estuary of Facatula. Just by a *ranchito* situated in a very picturesque spot, its green verdure contrasting so much with the arid soil we passed through all the morning, several canoes full of naked Indians were rushing up and down the river in all directions saluting us with their howls.

The landscape was every moment becoming more enchanting. The river was now quite a hundred metres in width. The first breezes from the Pacific began to refresh our heated faces and above our heads flights of pretty *guacamajas* enlivened the scene with their noisy chit-chat. The idea of soon reaching the sea was seducing us, but unfortunately we were going very slowly, the sea-breeze against us contributing to delay our passage. From that moment a gasoline launch would have come in handy and we regretted the want of it. The Sierra was gradually being left behind and on either side only low hills were to be seen tapering down little by little towards the sea shore. The effects of the bar were now being felt to such an extent that there was hardly any current and we could only advance by rowing. In this manner we passed the "Hacienda de Tamamas" and the village of Santiago Facatula, where probably existed the town of the same name established by the Spaniards as the capital of one of their provinces and which disappeared one day, due to an inundation or to some geological phenomenon, leaving no trace behind. A little farther on the river divides into three arms, each one discharging into the sea thereby forming two islands, one of which has an extension of over a thousand hectares (about 2,470 acres). Leaving the French Banana Colony on the right, we took the left arm, the breadth of which is about a hundred and fifty metres, and proceeded to the "Hacienda de San Francisco" situated at a short distance from the bar. Aquatic birds were so abundant that I soon used up all my ammunition. A beautiful pair of brown herons fell to one shot alone. The exuberant vegetation of the banks where palm trees and banana plantations stood out, transformed the scenery completely. The fresh sea-breeze which filled us with life and vigour, the clean water now in repose due to the weak current, and the coming and going of so many birds, impressed upon the place a seal of originality and of enchantment which I shall never forget. This was the America described to us by our forefathers, not that of the modern traveller who on landing at up-to-date ports experiences the disenchantment of not seeing there any of the reputed beauties. From Hell we had passed into Paradise. In the afternoon we moored at a spot not far from the hamlet forming part of the hacienda where we were to terminate the first part of our excursion. Here we encamped under the shade of *parotas*, cocoanut trees and *cayacos*, which were crowded with parrots and *guacamayas*. Senor Ibarra and I went as far as the hamlet where we were to join the Licenciado Lopez and the engineer Favila. The news that they had not arrived yet somewhat disconcerted us, but we had hopes, not

MEXICAN TYPES OF THE BETTER CLASS, IN THE SQUARE AT LA UNION

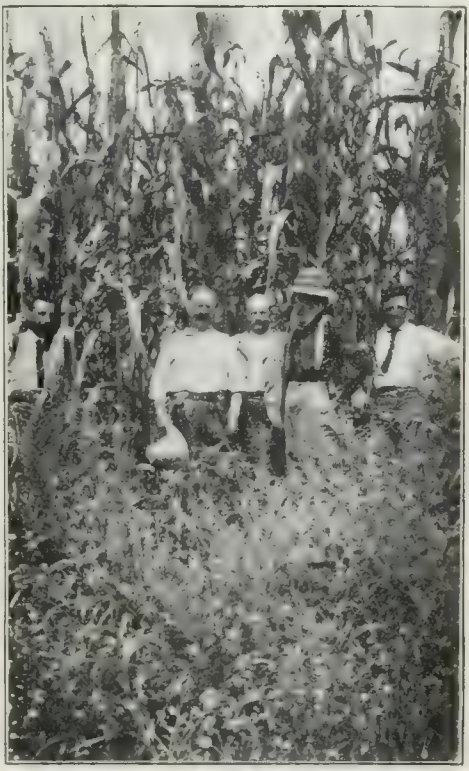
unfounded, that we should meet them at evening. On returning to the camp we found our companions simply being driven mad by the mosquitoes. They even considered the advisability of striking camp and going to an island called, I think, "El Naranjo" (the orange tree) where, we were told, this plague did not exist, but in the end it was decided not to move and go through it all. Emile soon had dinner ready and we all set to with a will as nothing warm had entered our stomachs since the early morning. After this welcome meal each one made the best arrangements for passing the night as well as possible. Ibarra and I chose to try and find something more comfortable at the hacienda, the hamlet appertaining to which being composed only of a shed, of a hut where the Indian keepers lived, and a stable which gave shelter to the happy family of horses, pigs and fowls Speaking of the latter, I should like to mention, in my character as aviculturist, which title and profession I earned when I was still a young man, that all over Mexico I noticed the same type of fowl. From this fact I deduce that when Cortes took the first specimens to New Spain they must have all been of the same breed and certainly the commonest in Spain. The climate has undoubtedly had something to do with modifying them, their plumage being now very fine, but the uniformity of type is to be observed all over the country.

In the Hacienda de San Francisco cotton and tobacco is grown. Under the shed we came upon a good sized stock of the leaf of the fragrant plant. In the same shed we saw some old presses and other utensils inherent to the growing and baling of cotton as also some of the most primitive looking agricultural implements to be imagined. Several "petate" beds (a kind of matting supported in a frame mounted on four legs) two hammocks, a table and three or four benches comprised the whole furniture of the hut. Accommodating myself on one of the beds I thought I should be able to sleep comfortably but I was soon mistaken, as the fleas and mosquitoes began to make a martyr of me. I decided to take refuge in one of the hammocks but from this I was soon ousted by the pigs which were running about everywhere and which now and again introduced their snouts into my hammock, this hanging so low as to almost touch the ground. I was obliged to go back to the bed and by means of a kind of mosquito net which afforded some protection I was able to get some rest at intervals. That nothing might be wanting, even a flight of bats, attracted by the aroma of the tobacco, visited us and passed the night flying to and fro. Their noise woke us up continually. Later on in the night Favila and Lopez arrived with the animals, and from that moment, with the tranquilizing thought that next day we would be able to leave this inhospitable place, I fell into a profound slumber.

From San Francisco to La Union

We were now about to set out on our journey over the interminable plains of Guerrero which, bounded inland by the slopes of the Sierra Madre, reach as far as the "Infiernillo" and to the south west along the Pacific beyond Acapulco, i.e., to the limit of this State with the State of Oaxaca. It is only fair to the reader at this stage to give him some idea of these lands. The coast of Guerrero is divided into two parts, called "Costa Grande" and "Costa Chica." The first embraces from the mouth of the Balsas river, i.e., from the Facatula estuary, to the Acapulco harbor, and the other from this harbor to the boundary of Oaxaca. This belt of level lands, at present for the greater part only virgin forests, has a breadth varying from twenty to fifty kilometres, so that striking an average of thirty-five kilometres and taking the total length of both coasts to be six hundred and seventy-five kilometres, we may calculate a superficie of level land to the extent of 23,000 square kilometres, of which 15,750 correspond to the "Costa Grande" and the remainder to "Costa Chica." The 450 kilometres which separate the Hacienda de San Francisco from Acapulco can be easily travelled in seven or eight days, providing the horses be hardy, are changed often enough and the day's journey be forced, but our mission implied greater detention and its object the study of certain particulars together with the collection of the necessary data, all work which made a rapid itinerary out of the question. For this reason we could not form any projects but departed from the Hacienda de San Francisco without any fixed plan and prepared to spend on the journey as much time as might be necessary. The horses and mules, which at the cost of much trouble and money Favila and Lopez had managed to get together, comprised ten horses and thirty mules, these latter consisting of riding as well as burden animals in charge of eight or ten muleteers. The harness, Canadian type, was brought along by us.

The saddles are different from the Mexican kind in that the Canadian are almost entirely composed of leather while in the Mexican saddles wood predominates. The horn, a kind of front appendix destined to fasten the rope or lasso which forms an integral portion of the Mexican saddle, is in the Canadian pattern smaller and is without the plate so pronounced in the Mexican type. Without this part of the saddle, when an animal is pursued and the lasso is thrown, the hand would be badly hurt. The Mexican cow-boy is singularly clever in winding the rope round this appendix, the loop at the same moment flying in the direction of the animal to be caught and when the rope becomes caught the shock is received by this piece and the hand receives no injury whatever. The Mexican stirrups are similar to the andalusian or jerezanian type or better still like those used by the picadores in a bull-fight. It is of wood or metal and of such shape that the foot is well protected. Both Mexican



OUR PARTY LOOKED LIKE PIGMIES BESIDE THE TALL STALKS OF MAIZE

and Canadian stirrups are suspended by wide leather straps, the length being graduated by means of holes and leather strips thus suppressing buckles of any kind. Both kinds of saddles have pouches or "cantinas" hanging from them. In the Mexican there is also the machete scabbard and in the Canadian we have the rifle case and in some the pistol holsters. The saddle rests upon a cloth which the Indians weave from fibres of a wild plant which from its aspect perhaps belongs to the species of the *comerops* or what is called here *cuaztle*. The Mexican cow-boy guide is a perfect rider. It is a sight to see him with his great felt or straw hat and with his short embroidered jacket, very often made of chamois leather like the trousers, which are tight and which along the outer seam have a thick row of buttons joined together with metal chainlets, very often both buttons and chainlets being of silver. For riding among thickets the cow-boy wears buskins or leather leggings which towards the knee open out in bell shape. Wearing these they have no fear of the worst kind of brushwood. Pack saddles are hardly used in Mexico. The load is placed upon the saddle cloth supplied with rings and strongly tied up with rope. The muleteers wear the typical jarano hat, also short jacket and trousers of linen or cotton and never abandon their machete which they carry resting over the crossed arms. They carry also their cape and shawl. The Indian usually marches barefooted, but on long journeys he will use a kind of sandal which he makes from hide and gives it the shape of the foot, tying it with leather strips which he himself also prepares.

The men brought by Favila were nearly all from the interior and many of them were pintos. The animals were all Mexican and consequently of low stature, light trot, with a lively and high head, long manes and with such delicate mouths that the horses were governed without a bridle and only by means of a simple cord. The mules are also small and preserve something of the Spanish type but degenerated and similar to the Texas species. Such were the elements supplied to us by our good friend Favila. On setting out we could not refrain from giving a last look at the boats we had to abandon in the Balsas river. We had begun to take quite a liking to the frail craft after eight days spent in them. The boatmen in a gang in charge of the pilot Pancho, made the

THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND THE HOUSE OF THE JEFE DE PUERTO IN SIHUATANEJO

return journey on foot accompanying us as far as La Union which was on their way. Only Jose, the Indian, retained as private servant to the Colonel, and the guide Efren, whom we had taken a liking to, were retained in the expedition to go with us as far as Acapulco. Almost without any nourishment, as since very early the stove was saddled to the strongest mule, we left San Francisco in the morning immediately the Colonel gave orders to start. The mule column started first with orders to wait for us at a point previously agreed upon. The Colonel with his staff of Canadian owner, Favila, kindly reserved for me. The day's march was not going to be a long one in view of the impossibility of arriving at "La Union" before night fall and it was decided to pitch camp wherever the Chief might choose. The journey was not very pleasant as we had to proceed almost all the way over by paths surrounded by very scarce vegetation, the soil being very arid and the landscape very reduced and not at all attractive; only on ascending a hill did we descry a blue line through the clear spaces of a wood and towards the south. It was the Pacific Ocean which, although still far away, we caught sight

ONE OF THE STREETS OF A SEA-PORT TOWN. THE HOUSES ARE PICTURESQUE IN APPEARANCE

experts and the engineer Bond followed next, and then came the boatmen with the ambulance which Don Jose Maria Ortiz offered to us at his mines and which came in so handy for carrying the Colonel to Santo Tomas when he was sun-stricken. We had almost decided to leave it behind but prudence counselled us to take it along for any emergency which might arise. With the Indians rode Emile and Flora, the latter a consummate rider on a spirited horse. The caravan was completed with Mr. Lukes, Senores Ibarra, Lopez, Favila and I, who had the luck to mount a lovely roan cob which its of for the first time, A little farther on and during one of the stoppages of the caravan we even could hear the waves at times. Like Vasco Nunez de Balboa, on first discovering it we were saluting the southern sea. Its breezes came right up to us and somewhat refreshed the atmosphere. If it were not for the sandwiches the good Emile had placed in each saddle bag, and without the water each one had collected for himself, we should have had a very bad time, nobody remembering that we had to take some food and consequently we were feeling somewhat faint. Halfway through the

afternoon we came to the rancheria Furena, which like the surrounding country is the property of the Licenciado Lopez who accompanied us. A fine *parota* gave shade to a large part of the square and around this tree we established our camp. The neighboring rivulet was taken advantage of by several comrades for enjoying good refreshing baths and its crystalline water was greatly welcomed for quenching the terrible thirst we were suffering from. Emile indemnified us for the failing lunch and prepared a relishing dinner. Flora occupied herself meanwhile in doing some washing in the river and in patching up some rents in our clothes, but after this she still found time to make use of her strong fists to frighten away some of the Indians who dared to make fun of her and more than one of them felt the weight of these extremities of hers. The poor girl had up to the present really carried out her promise to be faithful to us and hardworking, She had given no reason for complaint of any kind and it was not surprising that we were pleased to have her in our company.

The rancheria Furena comprises some ten or twelve huts inhabited by as many families who are in the employ of Lopez, whose lands we had not yet abandoned. In one of these huts I could admire the complete picture of a Mexican Indian family. The head of this family was an octogenarian, a perfect type of the ancient race. His tanned black skin contrasted with the few white curly hairs still remaining to him. His angular features, his somewhat flat nose with enormous nostrils, his bulky lips and jet-black lively eyes, corresponded to the old native race which formerly inhabited this part of the country. The old man was of middle stature. The backs of his hands were black and the palms of a somewhat light rose color like the soles of his feet. He was busily engaged in repairing baskets in which pursuit his horny hands still showed great dexterity. His aspect was that of a savage and he appeared to be rather distrustful, for his replies to our questions were curt and tardy. Patriarch of those tribes, he must have been the common stem of several of the families mentioned. In the same hut lived his daughter who in turn was the mother of two young girls, also mothers of several children. Great-grandfather of several of the youngsters playing and running about naked, he would now

WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE BOATS AND EMBARKED ON HORSEBACK WITH A CERTAIN REGRET

and again take one up in his arms to caress him. One of the young girls was nursing a new-born babe and as she held another baby in her arms I asked her whether they were twins—

"No, Senor," she replied "that one belongs to the other girl, who is unable to nurse and I am nursing it for her."

The girl in question could not be more than eighteen years of age. I was affected at such magnanimity and stimulated her action with a small present. The other sister now came along with a kind of bread made from the husk of some fruit, probably a pumpkin, and at the sight of it all the children crowded round her and with great glee sat down as she placed it on the ground and it was a sight to see them putting their fingers in, then sucking them and very soon finishing up the jocoque it contained. At nightfall I accompanied Ibarra, Favila and Lopez to one of the huts which, recently built and not yet inhabited, was fairly clean. We arranged our camp beds here and really we were better off than in our small tents. We passed the night in a profound sleep only disturbed at times by the fear of receiving a bite from some insect of the many species which abound in these parts.

The Colonel had given orders to be up and off before day-break, but although these instructions were intended to be complied with, it was not such an easy matter as the Chief thought. In this climate cattle are not shut up at night, but let loose in the enclosure and so the horses and mules had been set free since our arrival to enjoy the fine and abundant pasture at their disposal. Hence, when still dark, we attempted to saddle them, they all ran away in every direction, kicking at any one who approached near enough. The darkness prevented a proper use of the lasso and only as the day broke were the cow-boys able to catch them again. This unexpected incident delayed our departure quite two hours, but on the other hand gave us time to eat a good substantial breakfast. For my part I may mention that, taught by the experience of the day before, I ate with a will and even put away in my bags all I could lay my hands upon in view of contingencies. The caravan marched in the same order as yesterday, but this time with the baggage at the rearguard, because, having to pass the night in La Union and consequently not needing to camp out it was of no importance if that part of the caravan

THE FORT AT SAN DIEGO AT ACAPULCO IS BUILT TO WITHSTAND ALL COMERS

arrived later than we. Nothing happened to disturb the normality of the day's journey. On the contrary, the monotony of the scenery and the excessive heat made the time pass very heavily. We marched during several hours through the mining zone, which begins in lands of Tepehuaje and extends to the copper mines of Colmeneros which we passed at some distance. At three o'clock our passage was stopped by a big river in proximity to La Union and to reach this town it was necessary to wade it. This operation was not altogether without some difficulty as much water came down and the current was rather strong. As from my childhood I was accustomed to wade the river near a property I possess in Cataluna I was the first to venture into the river with my horse, the rest followed and with more or less of a wetting we all joined again safely on the other side. We were now at La Union where it was our good luck to meet with some comfort and enjoy some much needed rest.

To be continued

THE TRUMPET CALL

BY RICHARD SELFE

THE sky was tinged with blue and grey.
And, on the Eastern hills,
I saw the eagle leave his nest,
Twice proudly shake his feathered crest,
Then take himself to flight.

Beneath me, out upon the plain
The white encampment lay
Asleep; and pacing at his post,
The sentry glided like a ghost,
Half hid by morning mist.

Reveille ! from the snowy tent
The trumpeter appeared,
Then from the trumpet's burnished throat
I heard the clear resonant note,
That echoed in the hills.

As though by touch of magic wand,
I saw the camp alive.
I heard the kettle drum's tirade.
I saw the horse and foot parade.
The summer night was gone.

SALVATOR ALICIA

BY RAYMOND·LE·BLANC

I AM a journalist, though not attached to the staff of any paper. I am an independent writer—a free lance — writing only when it pleases me to write; writing only what it pleases me to write; and writing only for such papers as it pleases me to write for—generally those that return me most for my copy.

I have said that I write only when it pleases me to write: I will amplify that statement by saying that it "pleases" me to write, and write hard, for ten months each year. For I like three decent meals each day, and a pipe or two of decent tobacco each night of the year; and in my case these things, with, perchance, a coat and hat thrown in, can be obtained only at the price of ten months' hard writing. But if I write hard for ten months of the year, there are two months during which I never set pen to paper; for I must have a month's fishing in the spring, and a month's shooting in the autumn, though the heavens fall—or my chronometer be lent to my uncle. So, when the alders are budding, and the wild roses are unfolding their delicate pink petals; and, again, when the maples are like houses covered with burnished gold, and the threshing machine is dodging about from farm to farm, and the grouse and pheasants are plump and pretty, I throw aside my pens and paper and, gathering together my camping paraphernalia, betake myself to the ancestral home of my brethren of the long pedigree, where for a short—oh, how short!—time the savage reigns supreme.

I had just returned to town, after my customary month with the rod, and felt as fit as a game-cock on the eve of his first battle. Of course, my first duty on reaching home was to adjourn to the Club and report my safe arrival, relate my experience of the past month, and, incidentally be bored to death by a few veteran Waltons who never lost an opportunity of telling us all about the monster fish they had landed, many years before, in those same waters from which I had just returned; so, having changed my travelling costume for something more in keeping with cut glass and electric lights, I sauntered leisurely down to the corner of Beacon Avenue and Barrie Street.

The Club was all but deserted, as well it might be; for it was the time of the year when most of the members were out of town, and the time of the day when it was just too dark to read without a light, and just too early to turn on the juice. I pushed open the billiard-room door and looked in. The only occupants were Jenkins, the marker, and a member named Williams —a casual painter-poet sort of chap who spent his days for the most part riding about the country on a bicycle, or rowing among the islands in the Gulf of Georgia in search of "impressions."

"Don't you never read the papers, Mr. Williams?" I heard Jenkins say, as I thrust my head inside the swing door. "There was a report of it in the 'Erald."

"Yes, I know," replied Williams.

"I read that report, but it conveys no information to me. What I want from you is that mass of little details connected with the affair which you alone can furnish. Now, won't you—"

I coughed, and was about to retire, for I did not wish to interrupt what seemed to me to be an important conversation.

Williams turned and saw me.

"Hello, Dalston," he exclaimed. "Glad to see you. I didn't know you were back. . . . Here, don't go. Come over here and help me draw Jenkins. He has a splendid story up his sleeve; but, pull as I may, he won't budge."

I crossed the room, helped myself from the proffered cigarette case, and took a seat on the corner of a table.

"Well, what's it all about ?" I asked.

"Oh, something about his having ridden into the sea to save a girl from drowning," replied Williams.

"That's the yarn, is it ?" said I. "I overheard the brakeman on the train I came in by saying that a friend had told him that another fellow had told him that a chum of Jenkins' had told him that in order to pay off an old score he had sent Jenkins tearing down Bazan Avenue on a bicycle without a brake, and that he had coasted clear into the sea, and was nearly drowned in consequence. Capital joke, wasn't it?" I knew how to draw Jenkins, if Williams didn't.

Jenkins looked at me as black as thunder.

"A 'capital joke' you calls it, Mr. Dalston ? Well, sir, a-beggin' of your pardon, I will say that if ever you finds yourself in a similiar perdicerment I'll bet you'll think that you are bein' favored with the wrong end o' the fun." And by that I knew I had him.

I slid from my perch and approached him. "Tell me the story," I said, holding out a two-dollar bill. "Perhaps when I know the exact truth I shall be inclined to regard it more seriously."

He looked wistfully at the note, then suspiciously at me.

"Oh, no, you don't, Mr. Dalston," said he. "I'm on to that game. Some time ago a gent, whose name I ain't a-goin' to mention," (he glanced in the direction of Williams, and that gentleman discreetly withdrew) "boned me for a yarn and, as you're a-doin' now, 'e gave me a tip—only 'is was one dollar instead of two. Well, sir, I told 'im the yarn, and I'll be 'anged if I didn't see the same yarn in a magazine about three months afterwards, with my bold gent's name at the top as large as life. 'E tried to disguise it by addin' in a lot of things that I hadn't told 'im, but 'e couldn't fool me that way. The worst of it was that I 'ad to stand by and 'ear the gentlemen all a-complimentin' 'im on the clever story 'e'd written, without bein' able to say a bally word in protest. Oh, I was mad enough to fight, I can tell you. So I says to myself, says I: 'All right,' —ahem !— 'Mr. White; I ain't a-goin' to tell *you* no more stories, you bet I ain't.' But I'll tell you what I'll do, sir. If you want to hear this yarn for your own amusement I'll tell it for the two dollars you are offering me; but if you're a-goin' to write it up for the papers, why then I wants five, and not one sou markee less."

I replied in effect that the writing up of all the interesting things I saw and heard was my principal business in life, and that if I found his story above the commonplace I should most certainly make printer's copy of it. "So take this two now," I concluded, "and if I publish this story I'll pay you the remaining three when I receive the publisher's cheque. So fire away; and I want no lies, remember." For I am most jealous of my reputation, and would rather go to jail than have my name associated with any canard.

"Right you are, sir," he said. "I'll give you the genuine dope. And 'ere goes:—

"About two weeks ago I took the notion into my 'ead that I'd learn to ride the bicycle, so a week ago last Sunday afternoon, as I was takin' a walk down town with Gerry McLaughlan—"

"Do you mean the little fiery-headed Cockney who does the firing at Ross's mill ?" I interrupted, forgetting for the moment that Jenkins also was red haired and a Londoner.

There was a fine note of resentment

"SLOW DOWN!" HE YELLED "YOU'RE A-GOIN' FASTER THAN THE LAWR ALLOWS"

running through his answer, but that, under the circumstances, was pardonable.

"Yes, sir. But don't you never go for to call *'im* a fireman, 'cause 'e thinks 'e's a engineer. In fact, 'e thinks 'e runs the whole bloomin' mill."

"All right, Jenkins," I said. "I'm not likely to call him anything. But I've heard a little about the gentleman, and if his little finger is in this pie it should be a veritable *pate de Strasbourg*. But go ahead."

"Well, sir," he continued, "as I was a-walkin' down town with Gerry I says to 'im, 'Gerry,' says I, 'I'm a-goin' to learn to ride the bicycle, and as you're a crack rider I want to ask you if you'll gimme some pointers ?'

" 'That I will, with pleasure, old man,' said he. 'Tell you what,' 'e adds, after a pause, 'I've a great scheme.'

" 'What's your great scheme ?' I asked him.

" 'Why,' says 'e, 'we'll go to the Clarkson Cycle Depot right now and 'ire a bike—you paying for it, of course. I'll ride it out to Bazan Park, and you can go out by train. We'll stay there all the afternoon and you can learn to ride; then when it's time to come 'ome you can ride the bike back, and I'll come back by train.'

" 'First rate scheme,' I said. 'I wonder I 'adn't thought o' that myself.' So down we goes to the shop together and I gave 'im the money to 'ire a bicycle with and sent 'im in.

"In a little while 'e came out with a fine-looking machine—'You cut across to Queen Street, and take the first car for the Park. You'll find me on Cupid's Walk,' 'e said, as 'e jumped on the bike and rode off.

"When I got to Cupid's Walk I found my bold Gerry there all right. 'E was a ridin' around to kill time—cuttin' all sorts o' fancy capers and so on. 'Now, then, Mr. Jenkins,' I says to myself, 'you're a-goin' to do some fancy ridin' yourself afore night.' And I did; but that's neither 'ere nor there. As it was early there wasn't many people in the park; and the only person there was on Cupid's Walk besides Gerry and me was a small boy with a kite.

" 'I'm glad there's nobody about,' I

says to myself,' 'cause I'm sure to get a fall off or two to start with. . . Get that bicycle, Gerry, and gimme a show!'

" 'Right y' are, old man,' says 'e, a ridin' up to where I stood and droppin' off as graceful as an 'arlequin. ' 'Ere you are, Jenksie; just the wheel for learnin' on. Just a plain, strong machine. No coaster-brakes nor any o' them modern contraptions to monkey with. Them things are all very well for old stagers like myself who understands 'ow to use them; but they are bad for a beginner. On you get.'

" ' 'Ow many 'ops is it, three or four ?' I asked 'im, as I grabbed the 'andles and set my foot on the step.

" 'As many as you like, old man,' 'e replied, 'Away you go.' And away I did go. Afore I knew what was up I was lyin' on the lawn, with the bicycle on top o' me.

" 'Keep off the grass!" screamed the kid with the kite. Impident young monkey ! I made *'im* keep off the grass. I believe 'e's a runnin' yet.

"Try 'er again,' says Gerry, tryin' 'ard to keep a straight face. 'You'll do better next time.'

"I tried 'er again and did worse; for I fell in the middle o' the macadam, and peeled about a square inch o' bark off my boko. 'I'm afraid I'll 'ave to give it up, Gerry,' said I, a-moppin' the claret off my beak. 'I don't think cyclin' is just the thing I need for my 'ealth.'

" 'Nonsense, old man,' said 'e; 'don't be a coward. I was 'alf killed a dozen times afore I learned.'

" 'I won't mind tryin' again, if you'll 'old the machine, 'I said.

" 'I'll do that all right,' 'e said. 'On you get.'

"I got on and got started, with 'im a-pushin' and shoutin' instructions to me. 'Don't look at your feet,' 'e 'ollered: 'look ahead—'way ahead. . . Always turn the 'andles to the side you're fallin' on—that throws the machine the other way. . . . . Don't press on the pedals when they're comin' up. . . . . Watch what you're a doin' of. . . . .There you go, you clumsy beer-tank.' There was a wobble, a flop, and I was in the middle o' the road again.

" 'Now look here, Jenksie,' said 'e, when I'd got on my feet again, 'it's clear you can't learn on this walk. You see, the trouble with a beginner is that 'e can't drive the machine and steer too. You ought to be at the top of a nice little 'ill, so's the bike would run itself, and then you could devote all your attention to the steerin.' What say you to Bazan Avenue ?'

" 'I'm game,' I said, for by this time I'd made up my mind that I'd ride that bicycle afore night, or bust in the attempt. So off we started.

" 'Now, as you know, sir, Bazan Avenue is a mile long, and runs from the top o' the 'ill down to the water, where the little boat wharf is. It is very straight, and it is very smooth; but it is a long way from bein' very level, because the top where you start —that is, where I started, is a hundred feet or so nearer 'eaven than the bottom. Well, sir, we got there and I mounted the bicycle and made a start, Gerry a-guidin' me and givin' me encouragement. 'Now, you just keep cool and don't get rattled, and you'll be all right,' 'e said. 'You're a-doin' fine. You'll be fit for the amateur cent'ry afore night.' And I did think as 'ow I was all right, for you see, sir, I was a-goin' down 'ill and 'e was a steadyin' o' me, so it was easy enough to be all right.

" 'Do you think you can manage 'er alone now ?" 'e asked me, after 'e'd been pushin' for a bit.

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Leggo.'

" 'Keep your eyes afore you, and give 'er 'er 'ead,' was 'is partin' shot, as 'e gave me a final push as would a-done credit to a shuntin'-engine.

"Give 'er 'er 'ead ! There was no need to. She bloomin' well took it. The 'arder I pulled back on them 'andles, the faster she went. And what was worse, I couldn't keep the front wheel straight. At last I did what I'd often seen crack riders do when a-goin' down 'ill — I took my feet off the pedals and put them on to the steps what sticks out on each side o' the front wheel. It worked like a charm, for she went as straight as an arrow after that. I was now a-rushin' like the wind down that 'ill. My 'at blew

off, and there was my hauburn locks a-wavin' in the breeze, as the poets say; but that's neither 'ere nor there. About 'alf way down I passed a cop.

" 'Slow down !' 'e 'ollered. 'You're a-goin' faster than the lawr allows.' But I 'adn't time to answer 'im.

"I was a-goin' faster than the lawr allows sure enough. Why, sir, I was a-coverin' the ground like a runaway engine.

"A bit further on I met Dicky Scott and 'is gal acomin' up the Avenue with a tandem: She was a-ridin' and 'e was a-walkin' behind and shovin' the machine. 'Put on your brake, old chap,' I 'eard 'im say as I rushed past them, at which the lady did a grin.

"Brake ! There was no bloomin' brake on the machine.

"I was by this time very near the end o' the avenue, and goin' like

" 'ELP ! 'ELP ! I'M A-DROWNIN'," SHE CRIES, A-KICKIN' UP A FUSS

greased lightning, when I 'appened to look ahead, and, Lord ! there was the wharf, not twenty yards away. 'You're in for it this time, Mr. Jenkins,' I thought. 'You're a-goin' to get your neck broke first, and then get drownded afterwards.' But I 'adn't much time to think, for the next instant I was rumblin' over the planks. I felt a shock as the front wheel struck the kerb at the edge o' the wharf, and the next thing I knew I was in the middle o' the Gulf o' Georgia, with about a gallon of it inside o' me.

"Well, sir, you'd a' laughed to a' seen me tryin' to extricate myself, for I was all tangled up among the parts o' the bicycle, which, to my surprise, was afloating like a cork; but I soon remembered as 'ow that was due to the 'ollow toobin' and the pneumatic tyres. When I'd got straightened out and got my breath, as it were, I 'eard a female voice to seaward o' me, and on lookin' round in that direction what should I see but a gal a-strugglin' in the water about forty yards further out.

" 'Elp, 'Elp ! I'm a-drownin'!' she cried, a-beatin' the water and kickin' up such a fuss that you'd' a' thought she was a-tryin' to drownd 'erself.

" 'Ave courage, Miss ! I'll be with you in a minute,' I 'ollered, as I struck out for 'er, a-pullin the bicycle after me.

" 'It is awfully good of you, sir, to come to my rescue," she said when I'd got 'er 'anging on to the bicycle.

" 'Don't mention it, miss; it is nothing,' I replied, a-doin' the perlite, and making a grab for my 'at, which was not there to be grabbed. 'You see, miss, I was a-ridin' down the avenue when I observed you in the water, in danger of bein' drownded. Of course I immediately concluded that it was my duty to save you; so, as I was a ridin' a little too fast to stop with safety I just rode straight into the water, so's to save time. I can assure you, miss, it's a very small matter indeed where the life of a young and 'andsome lady is at stake.' There's nothing like a bit of blarney in a case o' the kind.

" 'Oh, you brave, gallant, gentleman !' she exclaimed, a-tryin' to scramble over the bicycle and get at my neck. ' 'Ow can I ever repay you?'

" 'By keeping perfectly still at present,' I replied, with a very serious face. 'See, there's a boat a-comin' round the point yonder; and if this bicycle will but keep afloat for a few minutes more we'll be on terra firma before we're much older.'

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, we was picked up and landed, very little the worse for our unexpected baths. You see, sir, she'd been a-gallivantin' around the boat wharf (waitin' for the arrival o' the very boat what picked us up), in all the glory of 'er spring finery, when she stumbled

and fell overboard, and as there was not a livin' soul around just then—but, there, I shouldn't ought to say much about it.

"Afore we parted she took my address, and gave me 'ers, and said that she'd send her father to thank me in person. 'E came that same evening in 'is automobile and took me off with 'im to 'is house, where I was made no end of a fuss of. Of course 'e offered me a cheque, but I quietly declined it with thanks. Then 'e wanted to know 'ow 'e was to reward me for the great service I'd rendered 'im; and I told 'im that the honor of 'aving saved the life of the beautifullest lady in British Columbia, and the pleasure of becoming acquainted with so noble a gentleman as 'isself was reward enough for ten times the service.

" 'Begad, sir,' said 'e, seizing my 'and and squeezin' it, 'yours is a truly noble spirit. Who says that chivalry is a thing of the past? Begad, sir, there's as noble an army of knights-errant in the world to-day as there ever was in any age. But merit should not be allowed to go unrewarded. A billiard-marker, I think you said? Not so bad either; but I think you should fill a higher sphere. I began as a pot-boy in the Old Country myself, and what am I to-day? Independent, with three hotels and four saloons bringing me in a lordly income. There is no reason why you should not rise above your present station; but we shall see, we shall see. And in the meantime, Salvator Alicia,' (whatever 'e meant by that), 'remember that this house is open to you at all times, and in all seasons.'

"I've been a constant visitor at that 'ouse ever since, and it's been Mr. Jenkins 'ere, Mr. Jenkins there, and Mr. Jenkins everywhere; so much so that only last night (you'll maybe think I've the cheek o' the devil, but I believe in striking while the iron's 'ot) I made bold to ask the young lady if she wouldn't like to 'ave the name o' Jenkins about the 'ouse all the time; and to tell you the truth, sir, she didn't say 'No.'

"One o' the old gent's pubs is situated out Springfield way, and it's to be vacant soon. The old man and me had a long confab over that pub last night, after I'd told 'im about a conversation I 'ad with the gal shortly before, and I might say, sir, as 'ow the preliminaries is all settled."

"All very fine," I remarked. "But as to the rescue part of it; haven't you been drawing largely on your imagination?"

For answer he fished out a large pocket-book, and took therefrom a card on which was neatly pasted a cutting from a newspaper.

"Read that, sir," he said, in an injured tone. "It's from the Clarkton 'Erald of Monday, May— 191—".

I took the card and read the following:—

"Gallant rescue by a cyclist.

"Yesterday afternoon while enjoying a spin on his bicycle down Bazan Avenue, Mr. William Jenkins, of the staff of the Bohemian Club, observed a lady in the water, in imminent danger of being drowned. Quickly realizing the situation he decided to go to her rescue, and as he was riding too fast to dismount on the instant he boldly rode on to the boat wharf at the end of the avenue and into the water, where, with the assistance of his wheel, which acted as an excellent life-buoy, he succeeded in keeping the lady afloat until a boat arrived on the scene, into which they were taken and safely conveyed to shore.

"The lady is Miss Alicia Jeanette, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smythe, of 'The Laurels,' Springfield Road.

"Comment on such heroic conduct is unnecessary."

"A most extraordinary story," I observed as I returned the card.

"Extraordinary it is, sir," he replied warmly. "And after all I think as 'ow it is a capital joke—on Gerry. 'Cause you see, sir, I've learnt since that the lady I rescued, and who is soon to be Mrs. J., is the very gal what 'e was a breakin' 'is bloomin' neck a-tryin' to mash. But it's all off with 'im now; for Mister William Jenkins is, as the society swells says, the lion of the moment."

THE THAMES AT CLIVEDEN, THE PRESENT HOME OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

The Thames by Canadian Canoe

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Author of "The New North."

Illustrated from Photographs

What better place than this then could we find,
By this sweet stream that knows not of the sea,
That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames.
—*William Morris.*

TO A Canadian whose whole life has been spent in the vastness of the West, the lonely places of the North, the first great marvel of England is its exquisite beauty; the second is the accessibility of its every corner; the third (shall I dare?) is the scanty knowledge which the average English brother has of the highways of his own land. The cabman who drove us from Windsor to Stoke Poges got hopelessly tangled up in the country-lanes, and when I excused him with, "I suppose you are new to these roads," (it is not an hour's drive from Windsor to "Gray's Elegy!") he replied, "Yes, this is not my country." Some evil spirit made me probe further,—"Where *were* you born, and brought up?" Proudly came the reply, "A matter o' ten mile from here."

Without doubt, the best way to "do" the Thames is not by motor, far less by train, least of all by that abomination of the Evil One, a motor-cycle; the ideal way is by a Canadian canoe which you hire in Oxford, and have sent up by land to Crickdale. This River Thames, which we have read about all our lives, at whose mouth like

a great ganglion has grown up the largest city the world has ever known, is not very long when measured in Canadian terms. From source to sea the Thames is approximately no longer than the distance between Calgary and Edmonton or between Macleod and Medicine Hat, or between Revelstoke and Ashcroft. Where we launch our canoe at Cricklade the infant Thames is barely thirty feet wide; at Lechdale it has widened to twice that distance from bank to bank.

Through the years and the centuries, English people have learned to be kind to the younger brothers of the race. In this wondrous land even the wild things are tame. We paddle so quietly as scarcely to disturb a feeding coot; a motherly moor-hen cocks at us a friendly eye and goes on with her morning ablutions. There are trout, here, too, in these headwaters of the Thames, but they are, to use the English phrase, "strictly preserved." At Lechdale it would cost us sixty cents

THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES ARE BEAUTIFUL WATERS FOR THE ADVENTUROUS CANOEMAN

There are literally thousands of rivers in Northern Canada, big enough to put the Thames into their pockets, which are marked on no maps, have no mention in Ottawa blue-books. But I doubt if we can show any stream more beautiful than this in its earliest reaches as it slips by from sunny meadow to sleepy woodland, its bank rich in bird-life and fringed with flowers. We paddle in to the bank, and without tying up gather great bunches of purple loosestrife, and meadow-sweet, and big ox-eye daisies.

a day to try our luck with a rod and reel. As the solemn inn-keeper, who seems to be the Lord High Issuer of Fishing Privileges in this spot, explains to us the length of the trout we would be allowed to take if we paid our sixty cents and the exact length of the rod and the line with which we would be permitted to do our execution, we fairly ache to have him with us on the Athabasca in June, or on the Straits of Fuca when the salmon are running freely. We would like to show him what fishing really is! Poor man, he

doesn't know, he doesn't even suspect.

At Buscot Lock begins the low range of the Berkshire hills, and on the other side of the river we pass Kelmscott with all its associations of William Morris, and his endeavors to have the great mass of the English people live in more beautiful and really artistic homes. At Newbridge, the River Windrush enters; the bridge which gives its name to the hamlet was "new" in the lively times of the Second Edward when English ambition encountered the stubbornness of the Scot at Bannockburn, and vicious Gaveston held evil sway. We notice that all along this upper Thames the road is far off from the bank of the river; floods are evidently feared.

At Bablock-hithe, or Bablock-ferry, we are on classic water. The old punt with its chopping rope which takes passengers from one side of the river to the other, is the identical one in which Matthew Arnold placed his elusive Scholar-Gypsy; it hasn't been painted since Arnold saw it. If we might hazard a doubt, the old ferryman since then has "used no other" soap! Here at the ferry we are only four miles to Oxford by road, but it is fully twelve by the river which in this stretch indulges in some great juggler-like contortions. Five miles from Bablock-hithe, flowing in under Eynsham bridge, the Evenlode, the last of the Cotswold-born branches, merges its waters with the Thames.

We tie up at Bablock-hithe on the right bank and take a delicious walk to Cumner, Sir Walter Scott's Cumnor, Amy Robsart's Cumnor, Matthew Arnold's Cumner. It is all so exquisitely beautiful that a misplaced vowel more or less is the last thing in the world that anyone can make us quarrel over, this incomparable evening. We prefer to remember that it was Matthew Arnold who said that a landscape without water was as dull as a room without a looking-glass! Surely no one knew the pellucid pools, the magic mirrors of the Thames better than he.

Below the Evenlode, we make shore

THE RIVER WEY, A FEEDER OF THE THAMES, AT WEYBRIDGE

again at Godstow Lock, pull up the canoe, and hire our room for this night at an inn called "The Trout." It is a good place to stay and quite near to the ruins of Godstow Nunnery where Fair Rosamond ("*Rosa Mundi non Rosa Munda*") ended her days. One of us remembers the story and tells it to the others after supper in the cozy sitting-room of "The Trout," where we have persuaded the astonished landlord that a fire in summer is not necessarily the request of a dangerous lunatic.

MARLOW, A TYPICAL VILLAGE OF THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES

Individualism in England is not allowed easy play, as any future Canadian putting up at "The Trout," at Godstow, will find out for himself!

Well, to Rosamond. Henry the Second, the first of the Royal Plantagenets, far back in the twelfth century, is journeying down from Carlisle. He stops, not at "The Trout," but at Godstow Nunnery. After his supper, he asks who is the prettiest girl in the whole cloistered school. After animated discussion and much fluttering in the holy dove-cote, there is brought in the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, Baron of Herefordshire. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King! Henry Plantagenet proved susceptible to her rare beauty, and formed an alliance which church and society both seemed to smile upon or at least tolerate. It was the jealousy of Henry's Queen, which, years after, sent Fair Rosamond back to the quiet Godstow shades where the King first found his Rose of the World.

To a Canadian, spoiled by a life's creed that there are only two fish worth taking with a rod—a trout and a salmon—the whole story of Thames fishing is most interesting. The landlord at Godstow will give us a fishing license for ten cents a day or sixty cents a week, advice thrown in. It seems the pike is the great treasure to be sought in just this bit of water. They run big, and a local record of the catch running back almost to the days of the Conqueror is kept. Dr. Turrell, of Oxford, has caught the biggest Godstow pike ever got by "spinning". For

this trick you use a short rod of split cane with a big free-running reel. The line (a No. 2) is an undressed one with a short gut attached. The spinning bait is a spoon which revolves on a wire centre independently of the hooks. Dr. Turrell's pike, about which they will talk for fifty years to come, weighed twenty-six pounds — what Dirty Dick at Pike Lake, Vancouver Island, would call "a sizable fish".

But down the river there is mettle more attractive. Godstow Lock gives us our first glimpse of Oxford, a fairy-like view. We remember Arnold's lines:

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

At Folly Bridge (surely an odd name for the portal of England's great temple of learning!) we reach the Christ Church meadows, beautiful and fair, and below these spy as we pass the shady sanctuary of the Cherwell. It is our privilege on a subsequent journey to spend a week-end with Mrs. Haldane in her home on the Cherwell, a home where the Rhodes Scholars of Canada and the Empire have found most kindly welcome, but, as Kipling says, that is another story

There may be canoeists doing the Thames from head-waters to London who are strong-minded enough to look at Oxford from the water and pass by without landing, but we are not of them. We tie up at Christ Church Meadows, and walk up under an archway into St. Aldate's Street, which, for some reason too subtle for the Canadian brain to follow, must be pronounced "*St. Old's.*" Entering by Tom Gate we have a brief but beautiful look at the exquisite fan-tracery on the staircase of Christ Church Hall. Leaving by the Canterbury Gate, we smell the sweets of the Fellows' Garden of Merton College, girt by a bit of the old city walls of Oxford.

What should a benighted "Colonial" strive to see in half a day in Oxford? It is hard to say. Tastes differ so, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. If one admires Holman Hunt's

STATELY AND TALL THE GOTHIC PINNACLES OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT RISE ABOVE THE THAMES

"Light of the World" (I do not), it can be found in the ugliest building in Oxford Keble College. No one should miss the beautiful quadrangles of Jesus College, the Chapel of Trinity, the garden-front of St. John's, the University Galleries with their pictures by Burne-Jones, Turner and Millais. But Magdalen College drew me most.

How shall one try to describe Magdalen, with its grey walls kissed by the Cherwell, its choice cloisters and graceful towers? One can best steal the phrase of that sovereign of England whose ill-fated son lived here much during the Civil War, and who loved Oxford even as his father did. James the First called Magdalen College, "the most absolute thing in Oxford".

THE AUTHOR, THE LATE AGNES DEANS CAMERON, AT HAMPTON COURT

To the Canadian cousin it seems odd that throughout the centuries in this law-abiding, law-worshipping England, no set of printed rules has been evolved for the guidance of those who travel the Thames in small boats. By experience (unctuated with anathemas) we learned some of the unwritten laws of the stream. These we reduce to cold print for the readers whom fancy may tempt in our paddle-prints.

1. On the Thames, a pair-oar gives place to a four-oar.
2. A boat (or canoe) going down stream takes a course in mid-river, and keeps outside all boats it meets.
3. A boat meeting another end-on in still water, keeps to the right, as in walking, leaving the boat you pass to the port.
4. A row-boat (or canoe) gives place to a sailing boat.

Leaving Oxford, and (like Mary) keeping all these things in our heart, we pass Iffley and come to Littlemore, whose small church of St. Nicholas was built by Cardinal Newman. They show us the building, now used as an almshouse, where in 1845 Newman was received into the Church of Rome. In an English village, any building which pleases you particularly by its architectural beauty is most apt to be the Almshouse. On the Berkshire bank, a little way further down, the woods

open out and at the top of a grassy hill we see Nuneham House, the home of the Right Hon. Vernon Harcourt. It is an odd-looking affair—two blocks of grey stone, joined by an immense corridor. Royalty has often been entertained at Nuneham House, but as we are not favored with an invitation, we drop down stream to the ancient town of Abingdon, and put up at the "Crown and Thistle," where Ruskin used to stay.

Abingdon (the town of the Abbey) is a gem in glorious red of its tile and brick-work, and russet and green of its chestnuts. Here the Conqueror delighted to wander, here his son in the monkish shades earned his title of "Fine-Scholar." We can almost see the shadow of the studious Prince passing through the old gate-way and pausing to cross himself before the statue of the Virgin against the Church of St. Nicholas.

At Culham Lock they tell us we can catch chub. It is a shy fish, and rises to the fly, but the fish run small. Culham chub-fishers do not disdain to use bait,—and what ungodly bait! We stop paddling and go ashore to take careful inventory of what the "anglers" (it's a pretty word) are baiting with. Here's the list:—*Worms, insects, paste, cherries, cheese, pith, brains, "gentles," shrimps.* We solemnly aver we have naught extenuated nor set down aught in malice. Shades of the River-Gods! And all this uncleanly mess in the classic shades, on the very river-reaches immortalized by gentle Izaak himself, the Father of Angling.

To get the taste of this out of our senses, we turn to the flowers in which Thames banks are most rich. Ever since we left Oxford, each river-side wall has been covered with ragwort, which a bent crone tells us is sure cure for frenzy. Can it be that its name is corrupted from "rage-wort"? In this bend of the river we seek for and find Arnold's pretty flowers,—

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river yields.

Here the children call them "crawcups" and in mid-April celebrate a Crawcup-Sunday, just as in Bushney Park they have a Chestnut-Sunday. The rarest flower we find is the snowflake, rejoicing in the pretty local name of "Loddon Lily." An old friend is the same dear pasque flower that we last gathered on the Peace River Trail above Lesser Slave Lake. Here, but not there, the lady-smocks still paint the meadow with delight.

We paddle in-shore at Clifton Hampden for a drink of ale at the old Barley-Mow, the quaintest, most fascinating inn on the Thames. Its roof is humped like a camel, its thatch weeps to the ground, on its red-bricked floor Cavalier and Roundhead stood and drained their glasses as we do. Rest to their souls! At Bensington, lower down, once lived the Chaucers—you pronounce it "Benson". No reason attached! Passing under Moulsford Bridge, we are on the stretch where the Oxford trial eights are rowed.

Mapledurham we reach just as the sun is setting. A streak of gamboge sunlight strikes the moss of a time-stained bridge, a pretty smother of shadow enfolds village and mill, and we realize how exquisitely beautiful it all must have appeared to Warren Hastings at the time of his impeachment when he viewed it from his home of Purley Park on the other side of the river. On we hurry and pass through Boulter's Lock, the "Piccadilly Circus" of the river, and so on to Windsor. Time will not permit us to explore the glories of Windsor nor of Eton, its satellite—each of these claims a day to itself.

Passing Chertsey, we are arrested by the sound of curfew bells. After the curfew, the day of the month is solemnly tolled across the river. And here, before the Thames gets soil of the market-place, we pull the good canoe up on the strand, write "Amen" to our story, and sleep this night in the haunts of Bill Sikes, and where Oliver Twist learned the gentle art of burglary.

Jericho Roses

By Grace Hudson Rowe

Illustrated by
Vatier L. Barnes

THEY stood in the bay-window, looking out at the snow-covered hills that surround Ellerslie, and unconsciously made a pretty picture. She, listening with that eager, graceful attention, which was one of her peculiar attractions, and he, bending deferentially over the little golden head, watching every expression of her changing face, with that slight, very slight smile of his, which said so little, and meant so much.

"They," were Madge Erskine, winning, witching Madge, and Lister Kaye; but I shall have to end this sentence and begin another before I can tell you who he was.

He was an artist and a genius, a poet and a painter, he had run through two handsome fortunes left him by his father and grandfather; he had lived abroad for eight years, and was known in the fashionable worlds of Paris, London, and Vienna; he had been Secretary of Legation at the English and Austrian courts; in short, Lister Kaye was an elegant, accomplished gentleman, and (I am sorry to say) all the more fascinating to Madge's warm, wilful heart because he happened to be poor!

Long ago, when Madge was a fairy elf of twelve years old, Lister Kaye had been a dear and intimate friend of her father's, and hidden away in some of his great portfolios was a sketch of a child's face, with those soft, pathetic, gray eyes, to which nowadays ardent admirers had whispered pretty quotations about "soulful orbs," until their owner almost wished that her eyes were bright purple, or gamboge, or anything equally bizarre and ugly. Madge was an orphan, and an heiress; and her aunt, Mrs. Llewellyn, was a perfect dragon, of whom every one lived in mortal terror, except Madge herself. How in the world Madge got along with her so quietly was a problem to all beholders. Perhaps the old lady had one soft spot in her heart, tough and worldly as it was, and Madge's little fingers held the keys to it. Very much to every one's surprise, Mrs. Llewellyn had

included Lister Kaye among her Christmas guests. I said Mrs. Llewellyn's guests, but that is only by courtesy, for Ellerslie and all its superb belongings was Madge's home, and she loved nothing so much as to fill it full of company, and to surround herself with a circle of brilliant, clever people, for the month before she went into town again.

Sitting over by the grate, the toe of her tiny slipper, with its broad gold buckle, beating restless taps on the hearth-rug, Mrs. Wardour watched the pair in the window with an uneasy sparkle in her blue eyes. Fair Helen Wardour ought to have been contented with the undisguised admiration of all the masculine portion of the guests at Ellerslie; but, sooth to say, there was a crumpled rose-leaf in her cup, and the arch-coquette was more annoyed than she had been in years, because Lister Kaye remained so persistently her friend—and nothing more. Long ago, said malicious Dame Rumor, when the lovely and dangerous Helen was in her first youth and bloom, she had almost made him a captive; but with a sudden turn of fortune's wheel Kaye became penniless, and she married Raymond Wardour, a millionaire, who was old enough to have been her father. Afterward, when fortune smiled capriciously upon Kaye, Mrs. Wardour's heart (or the well-drilled machine which she poetically styled by that name) gave a flutter of disappointment when she heard that his grandfather's death had placed him afloat again. But poor old Mr. Wardour had been gathered to his fathers this four years past, and chance had thrown the pair together at Ellerslie, and there remained sufficient tenderness in the bosom of the veteran coquette to have her plan various traps and pitfalls for Kaye's unwary feet. He appeared so deliciously unconscious of them all that Helen Wardour was puzzled; she could not quite believe that he was proof against her charms when she willed to conquer, or that he was aiming at that "chit of an heiress:" at all events, their tete-a-tete had lasted long enough. So she swept across the room with her soft, gliding step, and laid her white, jeweled hand on Madge's arm, with a pretence of caress that was always most distasteful to the girl.

"Which of his books of travel is Mr. Kaye unfolding for you so pleasantly, Madge, dear? May I come and be amused, too? The firelight has made me so sleepy."

"Only the leaf of a book—hardly that," he answered, with a half-laugh. "Perhaps I ought to say a rose-leaf, Miss Madge."

"Only a withered rose!" quoted Madge, with a ripple of fun in her solemn gray eyes. Mrs. Wardour looked very much mortified.

"It was only the story of the Jericho roses," he added, after a momentary pause.

"A traveller's story? I don't in the least know what you mean, Mr. Kaye. Madge, dear, use your potent influence to make him repeat it to me." There was ever so slight an emphasis upon the pronoun, but it was enough to make Madge raise her haughty little head a trifle higher, and quietly draw her hand away under the pretext of arranging the curtains.

"Surely, you have heard the legend, Mrs. Wardour? The Jericho rose is reputed to bud on Christmas morning, blossom at noon, and wither again at night, but on moistening the dry sprigs, they expand and blossom afresh."

"I said it was a traveler's story," Helen said, laughing. "You are talking of the Glastonbury thorn; I heard all about that in the most orthodox manner, when Mr. Wardour and I were in England."

"You mean that you heard the legend of St. Joseph's staff?"

"What was that?" asked Madge.

"What an appetite you have for stories," Kaye answered. "St. Joseph, when journeying to Glastonbury, sat down, it is said, to rest on Wearyall Hill, near that place, and thrust his hawthorn staff into the ground where it took root and grew into two trees, which continued to blossom miraculously on Christmas morning, in honor of the nativity. But these roses of mine (I have several, Mrs. Wardour,) are not English offshoots of St. Joseph's staff; I got them in the Holy

Land three years ago. The old Greek priest, who gave them to me, said that if I put one of the roses in water on Christmas-eve, it would bestow upon me, if I was worthy, the gift of divination as to the events of the coming year."

"I suppose the clause in regard to your 'worth' prevents your making the experiment?" asked Helen with a smile.

"My natural modesty? Certainly!"

"And to-morrow is Christmas-eve!"

But as Mrs. Wardour uttered the ejaculation, with the words upon her lips to request that Lister Kaye would allow her to try her powers of divination in this particular instance, she was in her turn interrupted, and by Mrs. Llewellyn herself. The funny old dragon always walked with a cane, because she once had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, and had been slightly lame ever since; and this, together with her bright, black eyes, her wrinkled face, and small, bent figure, gave her a curious resemblance to the malicious fairy-godmother of the nursery-tales. And Helen Wardour had a wholesome horror of aunt Llewellyn's penetrating glances, so she was not best pleased when the gold-headed cane thrust aside the curtain, and the droll, half-cracked voice said, "Christmas-eve! Of course it will be; we'll keep it in true English fashion, and shock you fashionable folk, Mrs. Wardour, by getting up snap-dragon, and forfeits, and a few more good old games." But aunt Llewellyn nodded her head till the splendid diamonds in her ears blazed like bits of fire, as she saw the bored look that shot over Helen's fair face.

But Lister Kaye and Madge received the project with great approbation; and presently, seeing that she could accomplish nothing more just then, Mrs. Wardour sauntered back to the hearth-rug, and Kaye found his opportunity for saying to Madge, in a low voice, as they followed the old fairy out of their window,

"If you were really interested in my story enough to care to see them, I will send to town for my Jericho roses to-morrow, and I hope you will accept one from me."

In return, he got the softest, sweetest glance he had ever received from the gray eyes, and his heart gave a quick throb at the impulsive, girlish reply,

"For *me?* Oh! thank you very much, Mr. Kaye!"

At Ellerslie everybody got their letters at the breakfast-table—a custom which is, by-the-way, the most uncomfortable extant. To read a letter, whether of joy or woe, or (allowing that it be not so important) one which vexes and troubles you, with the consciousness that your neighbors beside you, or those across the mahogany are eyeing your countenance curiously, and, perhaps, trying to see there what your letter contains, while you strive to look unconcerned and sphinx-like—all this is a very provoking position of things, and one that tries the imperturbability of the masks we wear to their utmost.

I think that you may safely determine that the last sentence is an exponent of both Lister Kaye's and Mrs. Wardour's reflections, as they laid down beside their respective plates the missives they received that morning after I have introduced them to you. Mrs. Wardour bit her lips as she read in the huge, English hand affected by her lady correspondent, with dashes beneath every four words.

"I hear, positively, that Lister Kaye is 'going in' for Ellerslie and its appendage. What is the old dragon thinking of to admit such a fascinating wolf into the society of her pet lamb? I always thought, my dear, that you had a penchant in that quarter; but I suppose you would scorn to enter the lists against little Madge. Have a care, Helen! You don't know what prestige she gained last year!"

"How dares she speak to me in that tone!" thought Mrs. Wardour, as she folded her letter. "Warn me!" Then she glanced across at Lister, and saw that the shade on his face had grown a trifle deeper than it had been. But he went on eating his toast unconcernedly; and I think that none of the others had an idea that his letter had been disagreeable, except aunt Llewellyn, for, keen as Helen's perceptions were, the old dragon had more years of experience on her side to guide her in finding

out the pet follies of her acquaintances.

So, after breakfast, it befell that Mrs. Wardour coaxed Madge up into her room, there to show her some rare old lace of cobweb texture, and fabulous price, and to urge upon her acceptance some Paris gloves, which, with delicate flattery, she bewailed as being too small for her hand. And having skillfully beguiled the little fly into her parlor, the wary old spider wove her mesh as follows:

"What curious revolutions the wheel of fortune takes," Mrs. Wardour said, with a half-laugh, as she watched Madge fitting on a pair of silver-gray gloves. "If any one had told me six years ago, that Lister Kaye and I should meet here as comparative strangers I think I would have refused to believe my senses."

"Then you knew him very well?" Madge said, being compelled, as it were, to say something, and annoyed at the compulsion.

"Knew him?" in a tone beautifully compounded of surprise and regret. "My dear child! did you never hear? We were lovers, and upon the verge of an engagement, when papa interfered, and I was forced, literally forced to marry Mr. Wardour Think of it; a girl of nineteen cruelly sacrificed to Mammon!"

Here the fair schemer hid her face in her handkerchief, entirely omitting to mention that she had been a remarkably willing martyr under Juggernaut.

"You must have had great strength of mind to go through with it so uncomplainingly," said Madge, with delicate

"WHICH OF HIS BOOKS OF TRAVEL IS MR. KAYE UNFOLDING FOR YOU SO PLEASANTLY, MADGE, DEAR? MAY I COME AND BE AMUSED TOO?" MRS. WARDOUR LAID HAND ON THE GIRL'S ARM WITH A PRETENCE OF CARESS

irony, her pretty head lifting itself with all the Erskine hauteur.

"Had I not?" asked Helen, longing to return the stab, but refraining because she wanted to drive her nail home. "But you never can tell what the New-Year may bring, Madge, dear, and I'm afraid that *'on revient toujours a ses premiers amours'*."

"Yes;" and Madge drew off the gloves carelessly. "Will you go over to Beechlands and call with aunt and me before dinner?" If Lister Kaye had been the man in the moon, she could not have looked more uninterested; but Helen knew by one of her quick woman's instincts that her arrow had sunk deep.

"I can't go, dear. Mr. Kaye asked me to drive down to the Hollands, and I accepted."

"Then I can take your card. The gloves are an admirable fit. Can you let me have the entire package?"

Aunt Llewellyn, sitting in the library in her easy-chair by the fire, was startled from her reverie by Lister Kaye's entrance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, having advanced half-way into the room before he saw her; "I thought the room was empty."

"You don't interrupt me," said the dragon, very graciously for her; "but if I shall disturb your letter-writing, I'll go away to my household concerns directly."

"On the contrary," said Kaye, "I am glad of a chance to say a few words to you. I am very much afraid that I must cut short my visit at Ellerslie. A letter which I received this morning will require my being in town the day after Christmas."

"So soon?" said aunt Llewellyn, with very perceptible regret. "What will Madge say?"

He started, and changed color under the bright, black eyes.

"Miss Erskine will hardly miss me among so many. May I ask you not to mention my change of purpose to her to-day?" and as she nodded assent, he pulled his chair up to the table.

"Better take my desk, Mr. Kaye," said the old fairy; "the paper is out in the other. That's mine—the low one yonder. Write your letter; I'll go to sleep."

But she did nothing of the sort, for as his hand moved rapidly down the page, her sharp eyes traveled over every line of his face, and grew wonderfully softened in their scrutiny; and at last, nodding over her cane, the dragon mumbled to herself, "Like his father—very! Pity I can't find out the cause of this sudden exodus."

He did not, evidently, intend to afford her the desired information; for when he finished his letter, he blotted his paper hastily, lit a taper and sealed it; and then, apparently dismissing every unpleasant thought from his mind, closed the desk, and sitting down by the old lady, made himself wonderfully agreeable to her, until a servant came with a message from Mrs. Wardour about the hour for their drive. Then he made his excuses, and left the dragon sitting placably by the fire.

Aunt Llewellyn sat and thought; you would have fancied she was asleep; you had no way of divining that she had gone very far back into the past, and was looking at a doubled-down page in her life.

The spell of old days was upon her, for presently she rose and began to fumble with her desk. She pulled out the drawers absently, until she found what she was looking for—a short, silky, chestnut curl in a faded old paper.

"Just the same:" thought aunt Llewellyn; "that tumble-down curl which was always falling over his eyes. Oh! you precious old fool! I'm worse than Madge, I declare, mooning away here over milk that was spilt years and years ago. That's a very inelegant simile, but I haven't time to waste in being poetical. If I could only find out the cause of that great, black wrinkle in Lister's forehead!" and then she gave a start, and stared blankly at the papers under her hand. "Why, the man must have been out of his senses! There was a sheet of my impression paper, sure enough! and he's been writing with it underneath his own sheet, and has left the letter entire on it. I believe in special Providences. If there's any-

thing in it which I really ought not to know, I'll make it a point of honor to forget all about it; if it's what I want, honor be hanged !"

From which you will see that aunt Llewellyn had a peculiar code of her own in regard to private papers, for she sat down and deliberately read every word of the closely-written half sheet, which bore Lister Kaye's name at the foot of it. The old fairy had barely time to come to the end of her treason, when Madge's sunny face looked in at the door, and she shoved her treasure back into the desk hastily.

"Aunt Llewellyn," the listener detected a tired sound in the fresh, young voice, "the carriage has been at the door for twenty minutes, and I could not imagine where you were. Suppose we put off going this morning?"

"Tut, child; you won't have another chance, and the call has been left too long already. Hand me my cashmere off that lounge. Where is everybody ? Is Helen Wardour ready ?"

THE TELLTALE SHEET FELL FROM MADGE'S FINGERS, AND WAVE AFTER WAVE OF COLOR CREPT INTO HER FACE

"Mrs. Wardour has gone down to the Hollands with Mr. Kaye," Madge said, briefly; and aunt Llewellyn nodded her head, as she went tapping down to the carriage in a way that said, "The woman has shown her claws already. Wonder if I have an antidote for the poison ?"

That evening, Lister came up to Madge.

"Miss Erskine !" he said, abruptly, with sudden earnestness, "I can't tell you how pleasant it has been to me to pass this week among the familiar household gods of my dear old friend, your father. You won't think me uncourteous, or imagine my feeling anything but very sincere regret at being obliged to cut my visit short ? I must go on to Washington to-morrow —need I say how regretfully ?"

Madge turned as white as the lilies in her hair, but she looked steadily away from him, thankful that aunt Llewellyn's sharp, rasping voice called, at that instant,

"Madge !"

"Yes," she said, going up to her aunt.

"Please go into the library," said aunt Llewellyn, "open the left-hand drawer of my desk, and find among the papers a receipt for almond-paste, which I promised Mrs. Wardour."

Lister Kaye held open the door for her to pass out, but did not offer to accompany her; and Madge's head got dizzier and dizzier until she finally reached the easy-chair by the fire. Aunt Llewellyn must wait for her receipt for almond-paste. She blessed the old dragon for giving her a chance to collect her breath and her thoughts. Well, it was hard, cruelly hard ! She loved him with all the wild, poetic fancy of a pure, untouched heart; and

yet, *cui bono?* He would go away, and Helen Wardour would follow him to Washington (perhaps his sudden departure had something to do with Helen's spending New Year's day there). And then she should hear of the engagement, and get wedding-cards—and suffer.

The drawer was full of all sorts of papers, and Madge took them up mechanically, her thoughts running back to Lister Kaye incessantly. In the very center of the mass was a sheet of impression-paper, and looking at it, Madge saw her own name, then read, I had almost said devoured, the whole.

My Dear Russell—One more unlucky turn of fortune has befallen me, and, for the first time, I am almost ready to sit down and bemoan fate. The last crash in Wall street carries with it all I had left of my patrimony, and it now remains to be seen whether I can keep my head above water by getting the foreign diplomatic post which was offered me by the Secretary last October.

You, however, seem to have gotten a strange scheme in your brain, which I must instantly correct. How came you to ask if I was engaged to Miss Erskine?

Did you ever see a moth fluttering helplessly around a candle, drawing nearer and nearer, until it meets destruction at last? I have been enacting the part of the moth ever since I came back from Vienna, but your letter has at least saved me from the moth's fate. My dear old friend, I have not yet fallen low enough to marry an heiress, for her money. And yet Madge Erskine has possessed herself of that mysterious place which no other human ever found in me before—not even the fair and unscrupulous Helen; in short, Russell, I love her with such entire devotion that I am about to leave her forever with my love unspoken. See what it is to be a gentleman, and a beggar.

If you have any regard for the writer of this insane epistle, pray consign it to the grate-fire. I only meant to say, when I began that I would be with you on New Year, in Washington; but it does a man good to confess himself an idiot, sometimes. Faithfully yours,

LISTER KAYE.

The tell-tale sheet fell from Madge's fingers, and wave after wave of rosy color crept into her face, making even her shell-like ears, and white throat, pink. Do not ask me to tell you what she thought and felt; there are some moments, even in this world, too sacred, too divinely bright for description—moments when silence is a dear and precious boon.

She sat with bowed head and trembling hands, until her whirling senses grew calm. Then she hid the paper carefully away, and taking up the receipt for almond-paste, sped down the hall, with such bounding feet that she paused on the threshold, half afraid that their swift tread would betray her. Dear little Madge's resolve was taken; Lister should not leave her thus, if she could help it; and though she had no settled plan, and no idea how it was to be accomplished, she relied on circumstances to assist her.

Shouts and much laughter greeted her ears, and she found all the guests crowded around a table, where the gentlemen were amusing themselves by scorching their fingers at "snap-dragon."

Forfeits went on, fast and furious. Mrs. Wardour, finding that Lister Kaye was appointed orator by general consent, engineered successfully to get herself into the chair; but the pretty little plot was much deranged by aunt Llewellyn, who posted herself at the opposite side of the table, and handed the forfeits one by one to Lister.

Now the fair Helen had two objects in view, one, a short tete-a-tete with Kaye and the other, the redemption of an emerald bracelet of her own; and I am sorry to relate that she took unfair advantage of her position, and, under pretence of adjusting the bandage that covered her eyes, contrived to peep through it, and distinguish the object in Kaye's hand when he took it off the table. Aunt Llewellyn's lynx eyes were watching her, however, and with a quiet sign to Kaye, which nobody else perceived, she twitched the bracelet out of his fingers, behind Mrs. Wardour's back, and substituted a coral chain belonging to Madge.

"Now, Mrs. Wardour," said Kaye, his voice full of mischief, (for he suspected that the old dragon had some cause for her singular interference), "be very careful!" Be sure you set the owner of this article something very hard, and very saucy."

"I shall, to punish you," she answered quickly. "I condemn the lady to ask you, here, in the presence of us all, for one of your precious Jericho roses; and I sentence her also to spend fifteen

SO MADGE, HER BRAVE LITTLE HEART BEATING FAST, WENT DOWN INTO THE LIBRARY TO FIND LISTER KAYE BENT OVER THE JERICHO ROSES

minutes alone in the library with you, while you explain the legend to her."

"That is your chain, Madge," quoth aunt Llewellyn, quietly. Helen Wardour could have stabbed the wicked fairy, as she discovered that she had thrown the golden opportunity at the feet of her rival.

So Madge, her brave little heart beating fast, in due time went calmly down to the library.

She found Lister bending over a small silver box that looked like a genuine antique, and when she entered, he rolled up a chair for her by the library-table.

"You look almost frightened," he said, playfully, as he put the little withered bud in her hand. "Drop it into the goblet, Miss Erskine, and let me hear what you will prophesy for the new year."

Suddenly she raised her fringed lids.

"I don't think I could prophesy," she said, with grave simplicity. (If he could but have known how her heart was sinking.) "I have been looking over the legend of the Jericho Rose. I found it in an old book in aunt's library, but my version of it differs materially from yours."

"In what way ?" he asked, smiling. "I am perfectly willing to be corrected."

The color grew deeper in the face he was watching.

"Only this; whoever accepts the rose at your hands, has a right to ask you either one question, or one favor. May I choose between the two ?"

"Certainly. I am very sure that Miss Erskine can ask nothing which I would not be willing to answer or grant."

She looked pained.

"Do not put me off at arm's length in that way," she said, timidly. "I am going to ask a favor, Mr. Kaye—perhaps a great liberty; but you know how my remembrance of you is interwoven with my dear, dead father.

Do not be angry. I have heard—I mean, I have found out—(don't ask me how) that some unexpected events have rather straitened you in a pecuniary way, and I want you to let me help you. There are some few thousands which came to me from my mother, which want investing sadly. Won't you take them, and use them? It would be such a kindness to me—and we are too good friends not to be willing to make use of each other."

Lister Kaye looked at her in utter bewilderment as she went on, her voice faltering more and more until the last sentence was barely audible. She was so frightened, poor child! at her daring.

"Miss Madge!" he took the little, cold hand reverently in his, "I cannot thank you for such a noble, frank offer. You do not know what you ask. Do you think that I could accept it?"

"But nobody need ever know—and I cannot bear—"

Something in the broken words, the dewy, uplifted eyes, betrayed her secret to Kaye's quick senses—in a moment more his arms clasped her close.

"Madge! dare I—can I hope; that some love for me prompted the request? Take your little fortune? No, dearest! not unless you bestow something far dearer upon me—unless the giver go with the gift!"

The Jericho rose, plucked so long ago in the fair land of Palestine, had fulfilled its mission, and it dropped from Madge's fingers, as her golden head fell upon his breast. The fire was dying out on the hearth; the soft, Christmas snow was falling outside the windows, but the message of Heaven's peace and love had swept over their two hearts, and they were content.

Suddenly, the door opened with a jerk.

"Madge!" said aunt Llewellyn's sharp, harsh voice, "I should like to know—Why, bless my soul, Lister Kaye, what have you been about?"

"It's all my fault, aunt," said Madge, looking like a rose herself, and a remarkably pink one at that.

"I should think it was! I sent you to my desk for a receipt for almond-paste, and you quietly brought me one for removing wrinkles. And Helen Wardour is under the impression that I fully intended to insult her."

Madge burst into a ringing peal of laughter; and aunt Llewellyn chuckled mischievously.

"You needn't waste your breath telling me anything," said she. "Can't I see by your faces that you are each in 'fool's paradise?' Well, perhaps, I'd have been a better woman if I had ever been there. Lister Kaye, give an old woman a kiss for your dead father's sake. There! Now I'll be off to tease Helen Wardour. Blessed be Jericho roses!"

And the old fairy-godmother closed the door.

RAINDROPS

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

LO, WHERE the fulsome raindrops fall,
The water-fairies leap and dance,
And o'er the pebbled roadside pool,
How merrily the ripples glance!
Like creatures all a-pulse with life,
The tiny elves of foam and rain,
Skip from the bosom of the pond
And nestle softly back again.

Her Canadian Sweetheart

WHEREIN A PRETTY GIRL AND A CAMERA MAKE A PICTURE ON JOHN'S SUSCEPTIBLE HEART

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

"OH, if I just had a boat!"

Pretty Amy Hughes looked out across the quiet Red River in the cool dewy freshness of early morning, and rejoiced that her father had made this last of many moves and settled for a time on this old French survey farm. Whether or not he would succeed in his somewhat pale attempts at farming, their dwelling-place could not have been lovelier. They had arrived only the day before, and seventeen-year-old Amy, leaving her mother and the stout German girl to settle the house, had gone exploring through the rambling gardens and lawns, down through a narrow path across the wooded pasture and now at the river-bank had gained a grassy plot among whispering elms and ash-trees. Some former tenant had contrived rustic seats here and there, and Amy, like Silverlocks, tried them all. Now, seated in the one nearest the water, she gazed at the glinting water, and wished for a craft that she might further explore.

Up-stream, each river-farm was marked by a boat at a tiny landing; across from her there shone a tantalizing glimpse of roofs among bowering trees. For a moment, Amy contemplated brigandage on her next-neighbor's keels—"stingy old thing," she thought, "he's got two tied up there—and not a sign of an oar." But sober second thought came to her—she could not row, and her father undoubtedly would have something to say on the subject of unlicensed appropriations. So Amy settled down to watch a stately fleet of geese put off from the opposite shore.

As she still lingered, making a pretty picture in her rather short, light blue sailor suit, bare-headed, her hair hanging in a broad brown plait, another actor appeared on the scene. A young man in comfortable working clothes and broad felt hat came nimbly down the opposite bank, unmoored the boat tied there, and, with long, rapid strokes, was soon making straight for the spot where Amy stood. Amy was not shy, and she thought of standing her ground, but her courage deserted her, so she turned and walked with dignity until she entered a rather thick growth of trees, and then ran as fleetly as a deer for the house.

Jack Morton watched the blue flitting through the trees and laughed to himself. He was the son of the opposite neighbor and had come on a very commonplace errand, to tell Mr. Hughes that he could secure a good man over there, as one had applied for work. Mr. Hughes had left a notice in town, stating that he wanted help.

When Jack reached the house Amy did not make her appearance until he had duly introduced himself and he and Mrs. Hughes, a cheerful, unassuming woman, were chatting pleasantly.

Mr. Hughes was away looking for a man and there were some stoutly nailed boxes which resisted even the strength of the sturdy German girl. Jack offered to make himself useful. When things had progressed thus far, Amy, who had not been very far away, thought it safe to make an appearance. The young people looked at each other rather consciously, and each thought the other very good to look upon.

All turned in now merrily to work, and things were rapidly being put in place, when Mrs. Hughes made some tea, and they had a jolly, impromptu lunch off the end of a much be-littered table. In the middle of the spread Mr. Hughes, himself, returned. He was pleasant enough and thanked Jack ceremoniously for his trouble, but there was that in his manner which cast a sort of chill over the proceedings.

Jack soon made his adieux, and carried away with him the good opinion of all the women-folk, at least, and the toleration which Mr. Hughes extended to all Canadians.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and Amy were down at the river, Mr. Hughes holding forth pompously, as was his custom, when Jack hove in sight around the bend from towards town. He swung his craft up close to the bank where they were and stopped to speak to them.

"You are a good oarsman, Morton," commented Mr. Hughes.

"Well, I've had plenty of practice," said Jack deprecatingly.

"Papa," broke in Amy, "won't you get me a boat? Everyone on the river has one, I see."

"Why, you can't row; what good would a boat be to you, daughter?"

Amy looked down nervously. "Well, I could learn," answered she, blushing under Jack's rather questioning glance.

"Yes, you can learn with no trouble, Miss Hughes," said Jack easily. "Here's your chance. I'll give you a lesson this evening if you like."

"May I go, papa?" asked Amy eagerly. She really wanted to learn to row and Jack was not distasteful as a teacher.

"Well, for a little while, Amy. An hour will not tax Mr. Morton's patience too much," said her father pleasantly, but with a look at Amy which meant "not one moment longer."

As the rowing lessons progressed, Jack and Amy found out still more of each other's tastes. Each was an amateur photographer and could talk with enthusiastic understanding about films and plates and exposures and developers. And, as the two families began to have intercourse, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Morton became fast friends.

But, although the Mortons were just as refined and many times better off than the Hughes, Mr. Hughes always preserved in his manner towards them a sort of condescension.

In Amy's calls, in company with her mother, upon Mrs. Morton, she was shown Jack's collection of photos, and she longed to go and take views, such as Jack had of the queer thatched houses of the Mennonite villages, with their prim gardens, groups of Mennonite women with kerchiefs on their heads, and queer little Mennonnite girls in dresses almost as long as their mothers' and kerchiefs like their mothers' on their little heads. But when she saw the picture of the old Dutch windmill, she was fairly frantic with delight.

Mr. Hughes was quite interested in Amy's photography and readily gave his consent to Jack's taking her up to Rosenort and Rosenhof, the two Mennonite villages, to get views.

It was a day in September when they went. The Mennonite's gardens of stocks, phlox, marigolds, sweet peas and verbenas were in a glow of color. The cabbages and other vegetables were ready for the cellar. The Mennonites themselves were standing picturesquely around their gardens, store, or post-office. Amy was in raptures over her delightful drive and over this little bit of a foreign land that they had invaded. They had their supper at a lovely clean Mennonite house and the woman gave Amy a blazing bunch of flowers, and later accepted a good tip from Jack.

"It's lovely," said Amy, as they started for home. "I feel as though I had lived here all my life and I hate to go back to our [illegible]"

"Yes," said Jack, "I guess, when we were on earth the last time we lived in Germany and you were Anna and I was Hans, and we were happy as the day was long." After this excursion they must make others to take pictures of the different French missions, Aubigny, Ste. Jean Baptiste, and St. Elizabeth.

Thus the summer passed, Jack helping his father and the men manfully and yet keeping every holiday arranged for in some delightful way.

As soon as the stormy winds of winter started to blow, Mr. Hughes, who had, as we have said, only taken the farm for a year, and had had a poor enough crop, began to think it about time to move. He said he did not intend to remain for another year in any case, so they might as well leave in time to avoid the cold weather. Jack and Amy were in consternation because they had never thought of this, and it seemed as though this delightful life must go on forever.

They were out for a sleigh drive on the ice-clad river, to go and photograph the pontoon bridge, as seen when laid up in winter, to match the one taken when in use in the summer, when Amy told Jack of her father's intention.

Jack said nothing for a moment, he was so stunned. Then he said, trying to speak lightly: "Then you won't be here to skate on our new rink." Jack had made one after the manner of a race track on the river between the two farms.

Amy did not answer him but began talking of other things.

Jack wanted to say something that had been in his mind for some time, but he suddenly remembered that these were English people with whom he had to deal, and that there was another person to be considered. His heart sank as he thought of this for he understood Mr. Hughes pretty well.

He was not to be daunted, however, by thoughts of Mr. Hughes' superior airs, so seized the first opportunity that presented itself of speaking to the gentleman of the subject nearest his heart.

It was one day when they were in Winnipeg, arranging the sale of their baled hay, that Jack remarked to Mr. Hughes:

"I feel it very much, your leaving for Toronto, Mr. Hughes. You may possibly never have thought of it in our sort of boy and girl friendship but I love Amy and I ask your consent to her being my wife, if I should win her affection."

Mr. Hughes did not show any surprise at this avowal. He thought for a moment and then said, with his weighty manner:

"Well, Morton, I hardly thought of this, although, I suppose, it's natural enough. I will not ask what your prospects are, for I know that they are good, but, although I do not wish to put it too plainly, I have other plans for my daughter. We are not living as we—er—should; but I have friends in England whom, I think, I could interest in Amy, and I wish her to see more of the world and meet a different class of people. In fact I do not consent to your paying addresses to Amy. I have reason to believe that her affections are not yours as yet. You are an honorable lad and I expect to hear no more of it."

Jack preserved a dead silence and Mr. Hughes, after a moment's pause continued:

"I would not say it to any one else, but I owe it to you to say, that in the eyes of the people at home who think differently from Canadians, I made a mis-match myself. I am estranged from my family. My wife is not wanted there; she is not the equal of my friends, although a good true woman. So great is their aversion to her that the little allowance I get, stops in event of my death."

Nothing more was said on this subject and the old neighborly intercourse continued until the Hughes left for Toronto.

After their departure things went on as ever in the Red River valley, although Jack missed his girl companion sorely. He was a jolly and popular fellow, however, and, outwardly, he was the same Jack Morton as of yore.

It was a hard point of honor to observe, this aloofness from Amy, because he had an instinctive idea that

she was not indifferent to him. Still it was better for her, as her father said, to see more of the world, and possibly she might be better suited. Still he never abandoned the hope of finding out some day.

It was about a year after the departure of the Hughes family that Jack read in a Toronto paper a notice of the death of Mr. Hughes, with "English papers please copy" appended.

He longed to fly to Amy and comfort her in her trouble, but considered that even though his sentiments had undergone no change, Amy might have quite forgotten him and might possibly be leaving for the old country. Yet, weigh and consider as he would, he had a feeling that all was not well with her, and he knew enough of her nature to realize that she would accept no overtures from England if her mother were slighted. Still he did not wish to intrude.

All in all, it was over three months after Mr. Hughes' death before Jack finally decided to go to Toronto and try his luck. He went to the address mentioned in the death notice, but they had moved and it was only after some search that he found them. They were occupying a few rooms and Amy was working in an office. Mrs. Hughes was at home, delighted to see Jack, and gave him full particulars of their life since leaving the farm.

In answer to his enquiries concerning Amy, the mother replied that she was far from well. "She missed her free, open life in the west and has been like a bird in a cage ever since," she said, "She will be glad to see you." Mrs. Hughes smiled. Jack took his courage in both hands. "Has she—does she —?" he stammered.

"One day," she said, "she and I happened to overhear her father telling an English friend of his how you had asked his consent to addressing Amy, and that he was sorry that he had not given it. 'I am getting more Canadianized,' he said, 'and my views are changing, but I am too proud to tell young Morton so.' "

This intelligence cheered Jack greatly and he and Mrs. Hughes had a nice confidential chat until Amy returned from the office.

When her light step was heard on the stairs Mrs. Hughes said: "You must step into this room until I prepare Amy for your coming. She is not very strong and we mustn't startle her."

So Amy was duly forewarned and stood expectantly, with a lovely flush in her pale cheeks, while Jack was summoned from the next room. Presently Mrs. Hughes suddenly recollected the necessity of getting some things at the store, and left them alone.

Jack was surprised at the change in Amy but found her lovelier than ever. She was more mature, and looked tall and slim in her long black muslin, her brown hair piled in great waves above her white brow.

Jack himself was bronzed and handsome and stylish, too, in his offhand way, and he looked to Amy a perfect god, after the pale anaemic clerks to whom she was accustomed.

There were soon explanations and an understanding, and the kiss of betrothal, and, by the time Mrs. Hughes got back, they had begun on photography, as they used to do.

Jack went back to the West in a few days to prepare for his bride-to-be, on the understanding that he was to return for her in six weeks. At the end of that time a quiet wedding took place in Toronto, and the bride and groom, in company with Amy's mother, who was to live with them, started for the West.

Jack's father had purchased and out-fitted for his son the very farm on which Amy had spent the happiest summer of her life, and here, as the old fairy tales say "they lived happily ever after."

Money No— Pony No— Pants No— Arm Very Worse

By Lillian K. Beynon

Illustrated with Photograph

"NO arm better, and pants no me." He was a pitiable, but amusing figure, the old Indian who stood in the door of the little mission house one cold morning in November, wrapped in a blanket, but lacking the usual covering for his lower limbs. The Medicine Woman and the missionary tried to look as serious as the occasion demanded, while he explained, "arm sick, very worse. Medicine Man come, better no —Medicine Man again come. Money want—no money me—no pony—no cow—pants yes, Medicine Man take—no arm better and pants no me."

The Medicine Woman covered her mouth with her handkerchief to hide a smile, while the missionary took the shivering Indian to the bedroom to supply the rather necessary article of clothing that the Medicine Man had appropriated. He was evidently a good collector, that Medicine Man, but the Medicine Woman knew but little about him. He had refused to have anything to do with Christianity, and had avoided the mission house, and especially the Medicine Woman, who was surely stealing his practice. She believed that he hated her, and she often wondered, when out alone visiting someone in the middle of the night, that he did not attempt to harm her. But one day she found out her mistake.

She was preparing tea late in the winter afternoon while a little girl talked to her. The little girl was saying: "I tell you something. One little Indian girl Alice go far away, five days trip to the hunt, get sick, no doctor, no medicine, nothing. Alice dead, no bring home. Indians read prayerbook, sing, then Alice buried. Christmas tree present for Alice. No come. Children sorry. One old man dead, this week, day 'fore yesterday, she buried and one little boy is very worse." Here the child stopped and ran to the window. The Medicine Woman followed her. There on the road, in front of the house, stood the old Medicine Man. He had never been

seen so close before, and the woman felt anxious, particularly as he was looking so intently at the house. She knew, however, that the majority of the Indians on the reserve were friendly, and although the missionary and his wife had gone away for a few days, she was sure that in case of need she would find plenty of loyal protectors. But the old Medicine Man, the man who scouted Christianity, and whose practice she was taking, was still watching the house. Suddenly he appeared to make up his mind, for he turned and went toward the house, but he did not go in. He disappeared around the corner, and the Medicine Woman, fearing she knew not what, ran to another window to see, if she could, what he was doing.

Imagine her surprise when she saw her rival, the man from whom she was stealing a living, seize the axe and set to work to chop some wood. She had wondered how she could manage over night with the small supply on hand. The old Medicine Man had noticed that she was in need and he had undertaken to do what he could for her.

Tears filled the eyes of the Medicine Woman as she watched the bent form of the old heathen as he performed a more Christian act than many Christian Medicine Men would care to do for a rival. Then, as he started away, as unobtrusively as he had come, she went to the door and invited him to come in. At first he hesitated, apparently sorry that he had been discovered, but when the Medicine Woman disregarded his rather blunt refusal, and gently insisted, he went into her home and was soon looking at the furnishings with all the interest of a child. But when he had eaten and was ready to leave the Medicine Woman said: "I am sorry you will not come to church. We are trying to help your people."

The old man straightened up. The look of childish interest left his face and over it came a sombre dignity, the look of a beaten, but not subdued, warrior.

"No," he said, "me not come. You no help my people."

"But we are trying," said the Medicine Woman gently.

"You understand no," said the Medicine Man. "One time my people strong—fight — Medicine Man study long time. Ten suns, he make know this." He pulled a dried herb from his pocket to show what he meant by "this." Then, as he handled it carefully, he continued: "Yes, Medicine Man take twenty and hundred these, twelve each sun. He make song each one. Song tell what better make. Young men learn songs ten suns, pay guns, blankets, skins, and then be Medicine Man. Every year long tent—make big dance—young men sing song. Some Medicine Men get—others no."

Here the old Indian shook his head in disgust, and for some minutes seemed lost in the memories of the long ago, when every year in June the Medicine Men examined the students and initiated the successful ones into the deepest secrets of the cult. Then too, at the Long Tent, new students were initiated into their ten years of study, and they paid their fees, after which there was a general jollification and all danced around the central stone in the direction of the sun. But those days were passed, and as the old man rose stiffly to his feet he said: "Then weak he die. Strong live—fight—hunt—[illegible] land have—buffalo—deer. Now you come—weak he live—strong he weak get—no fight—no hunt—no land—all weak. All soon die——"

"Oh, you will live many years," said the Medicine Woman, purposely appearing to misunderstand him.

But the old Medicine Man would not smile. Indian no Medicine Man. Indian no fight, no hunt," he said. "White man, Medicine Man warrior—Indian all weak—no good. Indians go—Old Medicine Man go—no good."

The old man folded his coat more closely around him and left the house without another word. He still lives true to the old traditions, a heathen, in a reserve of Christian Indians, and no threats of the wrath of the greater Manitou have made him fear the great beyond, for his eye is still on the Happy Hunting Ground of the brave warrior and the good Medicine Man.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE PAGEANT PASSES

The sweet calm sunshine of October now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould,
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads ofgold.

LOOKING out from my window a day ago I saw the first leaves falling. There was little wind and they fell as lightly and almost as silently as the first snow. Summer has faded from sight and yellow autumn is here with the hectic flush betokening decay upon her cheek. Yet she possesses rich beauty of her own. Some there are who prefer this season of the year to all others. In Canada, autumn is an especially beautiful time. The days are warm and fine, and through the openings in the thinning foliage, fresh vistas are revealed—bits of landscape hidden throughout summer by the close-woven branches, little low clumps of brush and fern, nests in hedges, and here and there hanging from some baring tree limb, the curious, woven nest of the oriole—an empty home now—sways in the gentle wind.

And we, too, "shall fade as a leaf the wind has taken away. And all thou hast shall fall down as the leaf falleth from the vine." Autumn brings us solemn thoughts, very different from the bright, hopeful scenery of spring. The old earth is preparing for her long winter sleep, and the world is steeped in the purple haze of November. The fair summer look has passed, and there is a brooding sadness in the very droop of the trees. And yet when we think that for every leaf whirled down the dusty way there shall come another, for every flower faded by the sun, and buried by the rain and wind, there shall blow one just as fair—that there is no Death, but always beautiful Life going on and on—that nothing is wasted in Nature, and that even we—boxed and buried in our cerements when our hour comes, shall still live, moving on to higher and wider planes—what time have we for regrets—for the withered leaf that whirls in the dust, for the fallen flower, for the beloved face which has vanished from our sight.

Gone for a minute, my son,
From this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute,
What time have I to be vext?

Each season is but a preparation for the next just as each cycle of Life is but a class-room in the great School of the Universe.

. . . . . .

MISSIONARY WORK

THERE are many people these days who consider missionary work to be costly and useless, but it remained for an Englishman, boasting the very

appropriate name of Bull, to dub it "inane" as well. This gentleman who has spent the greater part of his life in South Africa, and hails from Natal, recently referred at a Spiritual Congress to the "pitiful fiasco presented by missionary failure." It is presumed that he knows what he is talking about when he tells of the sorrowful evidence of this failure presented in every town where partially educated Kaffir hooligans, male or female, are attracted by the greater scope for the practice of "those vices which unreasoning and dogmatic religionists have assisted in cultivating by ill-considered interference, and utter disregard of those natural laws governing mental and spiritual evolution, no less than physical." He declared that mission stations in South Africa are notorious as the resort of the vicious, the depraved, the malcontent, and he draws a picture of the changes effected in Zulu nature after thirty years of "God-appointed" missionary work. Revisiting a district whose native population he had left honest, manly, and intelligent if primitive, he found that:

"Sordid poverty dressed in mean rags, or tawdry finery suggestive of service to vice had displaced the old dignity born of conscious physical strength and symmetry of form, whilst drunkenness, dishonesty and immorality sought shelter under the meagre cloaks of the religion dispensed by the different sections of belief established in the little iron or wattle and daub churches which everywhere disfigured the countryside."

A strong indictment this, and a remorseless criticism.

The Christian missions are the ones so damagingly attacked. Mr. Bull makes no distinction as to sect or creed. Outside of Attwater's pronouncement on missions in Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" which was, of course, fictional, I know of no such vigorous denouncement. And this is not fiction. You remember Attwater says:

"They go the wrong way to work; they are too parsonish, too much of the old wife. . . . . They think a parsonage with roses and church bells, and nice old women bobbing in the lane, are part and parcel of religion."

The writer remembers an occasion when she was called on to make a speech at Winnipeg on certain journeyings in far places. Among other things she referred to certain British Guiana Indians who lived in tribal relations, and alluded to the disasters in the way of wickedness which unhappily followed the introduction of missions among them. Several good clergymen who were present got up slowly and stalked from the room, and next day's papers heavily scored the lecturer for her statements.

Yet the statements were correct. The civilized Indians were for the most part worthless, lazy, scoundrels who had quickly absorbed the vices of the white man—they were not taught these things by the good missionaries. Far from it! But as good and evil go hand in hand, the white trader with his gin, following the missionary undid the work of the holy men and women, some of whom work so arduously in the field of the foreign mission. The primitive savage under the cover of easily acquired religion, learns to sin those sins for which he afterwards asks forgiveness, or doesn't.

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NEW LEAVES

A STUDY of the New Leaves from Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal are no more convincing than the old leaves of the book that startled the world some years ago. These fresh leaves deal with the life of this precocious child when in her twelfth year. I find them repelling. Precocity is not what we look for in children, yet this hectic young girl writes with uncanny self-perception of such things as love, passion, suffering and religion. In the preface to this late edition Madame D'Ulmes says, speaking of children in general:

The true personality of a child is very secret, for it distrusts comprehensive and authoritative beings known as "grown-up people." And it conceals its ironic observations, its dreams, all the ardor of its little soul. Some children are playing. They have erected with sand and twigs a fantastic world that they have peopled with their familiar toys, an elephant of gray cloth, a motley duck as large as the white fur bear. And they are in the jungle; they close

in, chase, slay. Then they dance a round set to a secret rhythm. Pause to look at them, the play ceases. The little mouths become silent. The child will always conceal from us the frank observations that it makes with its limpid eyes.

I find this a distasteful picture of childhood. The playing children fall silent at the approach of the "grown-up," but let the "grown-up" show but the smallest interest, sympathy, or understanding, and the children will, nine times out of ten, include him or her in their play and go on as merrily as before. No normal child ever yet withheld a secret from the woman who loved and understood and entered into the little play with it. I always thought poor frail Marie Bashkirtseff was touched with decadence, with consumption of the soul—the spirit—and these later leaves from her diary but confirm that suspicion. When a child of twelve confides to her Journal that she is the victim of a "passionette" for a Duke—when she cries, "I love him, and it is that which makes me suffer. That pain of love makes my joy," and follows with a prayer beseeching the Lord to cause the Duke to be attracted to her, it is time to send the young lady to the strictest boarding school in the neighborhood.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF WAS THE VICTIM OF EGOMANIA, AND I KNOW OF NOTHING MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO MIND OR SOUL

THE LARVAL STAGE

THIS gifted but unfortunate girl was the victim of egomania, and I know of nothing more destructive to mind or soul. The brief life of this poor little Slav was not, after all, any misfortune to her. Had she lived she would never have found happiness. Enamoured of herself, always analyzing too keenly her emotions, dissecting her very soul, she found no pleasure in anything. Girls, as we all know,

pass through a dreamy, morbid stage. They get dark-blue hours which they do not understand, and which causes them to write verses or indite long, long letters to the correspondence columns in the newspaper. After this they feel better, and the sun shines once more.

It is always young people to whom an early death appeals. They write odes to Pallida Mors and love to look, like Mariana, out of the barred windows of moated granges. This is but a phase through which girls pass. Afterwards when they are married and settled and have gone through the first baby's teething, they look at life differently. But Marie Bashkirtseff began this sort of thing at ten, and kept it up until she faded out in early womanhood. When he came close, Pallida Mors did not look so fascinating.

Her journal does not make suitable reading for young girls. They need no hints from a Marie Bashkirtseff. They will pass more or less quickly through this heavy larval stage before they emerge, captivating butterflies, flashing in the sun and exciting the young men to mad butterfly hunting. Let children be children. The Golden Age is all too short. We who once passed through it, and who are outside for ever, look often through the gates, longing to enter for one last, happy care-free gambol. The poor little Slav girl whose journal has again set the reviewers scribbling, never knew the Golden Age. Her own self killed it, as egoism always kills. Nothing is more destructive than this absorption of one's self. The gospel of service to others, of love for one's neighbor is after all only rock-bottom common sense. To practice it shows good business acumen, just as it shows foolishness to commit a crime, to steal, or forge, or do anything of that sort. A criminal is a man devoid of business sense.

ROSES

NOT roses; for he wooed me with a rose,
Saying, "as fair art thou, and sweeter"—then a kiss—
Not roses; for he left me with a rose,
And, laughing—"add the thorn," he said, "to this."

—K.

THE DEVIL

SOMEBODY said from the pulpit lately that there is no Hell. No Hell, no Devil, I suppose, and yet the personality of that irrepressible gentleman is an article of faith with one small person that I know.

A little child aged seven, living under the care of two maiden aunts, got into disgrace with one of the ancient virgins not long ago because she licked the jam off the tips of her fingers at luncheon. She was seen digging in the garden with her little sand spade a few hours later, and the two old ladies watched with much curiosity to see what she was about. Presently she

"THE AVERAGE MISSIONARY," SAYS ATTWATER, "THINKS A PARSONAGE WITH ROSES AND CHURCH BELLS AND NICE OLD WOMEN BOBBING IN THE LANE ARE PART OF RELIGION"

pulled an envelope from her pocket and stuck it in the hole. Then she piled the earth into it and beat it down with her little hands. By and bye, when the child had said her prayers and gone to bed, Aunt Martha conferred with Aunt Tabitha and the two dear curious old daughters of Eve ambled out with little shawls pinned over their heads to see what was in the grave. They dug and dug with those little wooden epitaphs that gardeners stick over seed beds, until they came on the envelope, buried deep down. They opened it. There was no address, but the contents were:

"Dear Devil, please come and take away Aunt Tabitha and burn her. You can leave Aunt Martha for a little while."

That child believed in the personality of the Devil.

SUFFRAGETTES

THE tremendous outcry raised by the militant suffragettes over the sentences inflicted by the Dublin

courts on the two Englishwomen who were convicted—one of trying to burn down the Royal Opera House—the other of throwing the hatchet at Mr. Asquith, and, like a woman, missing him and striking Mr. Redmond—has not yet ceased. The suffragette is sheltering herself behind that unwise parliamentarian, Mr. Hobhouse, who in a moment of enthusiasm or of fear of having his face slapped, told the women that it was up to them to prove that they wanted the ballot as badly as the men—"when the men wanted the ballot," said Mr. Hobhouse—who has been bathing in boiling water since he said it—"they burned Nottingham Castle." It is the old story of Adam and the apple reversed. "He told us to burn," says the suffragette, "and we did it. Now you send us to prison for five years because we followed the advice of the Government !"

This is all very well, but I am glad to see that the Dublin courts had sense enough to discriminate between hysterical outbreaks and criminal intentions. While the Pankhurst organization denounces the sentences passed on Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh as "outrageous," it must be acknowledged by sane, practical women the world over, that to side-step and let these women off with light sentences would be to encourage others of the forceful sisterhood to proceed to even greater outrages. Women who want the vote—who demand equality with men, who break windows and so injure many an humble and hard-working tradesman; who resort to arson and attempt murder, are not in a position to demand exclusive privileges when they behave as criminals. They should play the game better than that. One could even admire them if they showed real pluck, real courage.

But this they do not do. Instead, when convicted and sentenced, they cry aloud of this man or that—"He told us to do it !" Once and for ever this sort of weak violence should be put down and out and it is reassuring to know that in Irish courts of law at least, the criminal suffragette will meet with her full measure of punishment. So far from helping their cause, such women are repelling all sympathy and antagonizing those who might otherwise be friendly.

Besides which, they are making spectacles of themselves.

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APPLE-BLOSSOMS

NOT apple-blossoms for the old home's sake;
The hill-side farm, the orchard vistas fair,
Youth, hope, and Mother, all my treasures there—
Not apple-blossoms, lest my heart should break.

—Ernest McGaffey.

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ELSIE LINDTNER

YOU have read "The Dangerous Age" of course, or if you have not you have learned to chatter about it just as people who know nothing of Art, but like to pretend that they do, prattle of "color-scheme," "chiar' oscuro" and the like. "The Dangerous Age" had the merit of being an unusual book, but one of that particular type is enough in a century. Karin Michaelis, the author of that frank study, has repeated it *ad nauseam* in the sequel "Elsie Lindtner." Elsie, it will be remembered, was the heroine of the previous story. We found her morbid, capricious, bored and unbalanced—a terrible club in fact, in the hands of the man who would argue against votes for women—only, so far as I know, he has not yet discovered her.

Elsie Lindtner in her later dress is just as weak, capricious, and morbid as she was when at the dangerous age of forty—which, by the way, is far more frequently regarded as the desperate, not dangerous, age by the woman of forty who is trying to persuade herself and the world generally that she is only thirty-two.

These books would be terrible, did we take them too seriously. There is a hard, dry bitterness about them that leaves one with a sense of depression. Why is it that so many foreign writers give one this sort of feeling ?

De Maupassant, Suderman, Strindberg or Balzac—it is all the same. I cannot read the most perfect of De Maupassant's master-pieces, his "Boul' Suif," without experiencing this feeling of lowness of spirits. It requires pages of Dickens or Elia to blow the cloud away. Others to whom I have spoken on this subject agree with me.

Elsie Lindtner has the same melancholy power. She moves restlessly through the pages. She is like a woman waiting for her lover who never comes. Monte Carlo does not satisfy her. Neither does Paris. How can New York?

The magnificent touch in this book, the one which redeems it from the tawdriness of the half-world, lies in the letters of Lillie Rothe—which were never sent—to the man she loved. This is the age in the life literary of "confessions" and "diaries," and "Why I left my Mother-in-law," and "Why the Cat Came Back," and rot of that sort. Only recently a magazine was offering prizes for the most beautiful love, friendship, and nature letters! Like eugenics, and sexology, and Valerie Wests, and the stories that run along the edge of the cliff showing a frill of lacy white petticoat, Karin Michaelis is here with her poor, tired, draggled Elsie. But Lillie Rothe's letters redeem the melancholy situation. And yet they in turn are depressing, for they are very sad and hopeless. There is one line in the letters which stands before me as though written in scarlet. It is:—

"Beloved, beloved, how full of pain Love is!"

It does not seem to me as I look around upon the world that many women have known Love. If so, they very well conceal it. But let her deny it or not—the woman who has known Love in all its ineffable beauty, its passionate sacrifice, its infinite capacity for suffering, must say with Lillie Rothe — "How full of pain Love is!"

But let us close Elsie Lindtner between the covers of the book, and put her upon the shelves where the other depressents live—with Madame Bovary, and Nana, and De Maupassant's "Pasha with Two Tails" and Strindberg's awful "Julie"—and turn for a bout with some more wholesome friend.

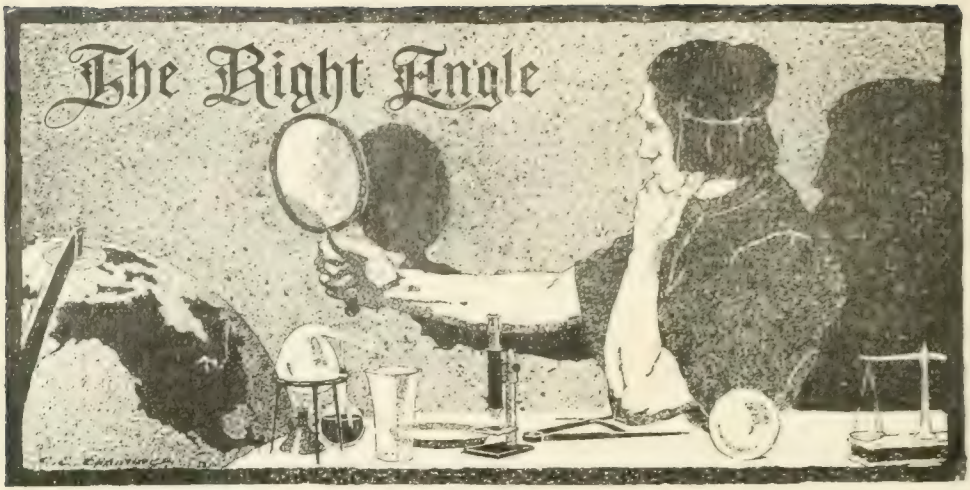
What ho! without there! Athos! Porthos! Aramis! Have at you, merry rogues!

CASTLES IN SPAIN

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

THE children build their castles in the sand;
Ours are in Spain.
The sea engulfs the shifting land—
We build again.

The children build their castles in the sand;
We, in the air—
Ah, we and they both understand,
The sea is there!



THE TRUTH ABOUT "IBID"

LIBRARIANS are a notably patient race, even under requests for "something good to read for my mother," demands for "the Three Mosquitoes, by Dumas" and the like. But one of them has turned, in the Boston Transcript, upon those hordes who request books by "Ibid" and insist upon getting them.

Ibid, or Ibidimus, Marcus Alias Hortensius, Roman poet and historian. Ibid is supposed to have flourished about 240 B.C., though in his own autobiography—a work of doubtful authenticity—he says: "I was born August 17, 185 B.C." He is the author of 'De te Fabula,' "Dies et Nox" and over three hundred other books. He invented the ablative absolute, for which he was rewarded by the Senate with the pro-consulship of Ultima Verba. His military career seems to have led him also into northern Italy for it is recorded that on one occasion, after a long siege, "he took Umbrage, and retired into hither Gaul." Umbrage is perhaps, a false reading of Umbria. The latter years of his life are clouded in mystery, for he lived mostly in exile. He passed his time in writing the vast number of poems which were subsequently published under his pen name of "Anon." Finally he seems to have transgressed the laws seriously, for he was hanged in Effigy, a town in Lower Egypt, on Christmas Day, 102 B.C.

This should be copied and framed, for the thirsty, in every reference library room.

MEMORABILLIA

SOMEWHERE in those delicately finished letters which Lafcadio Hearn wrote from Japan to his friend Dr. Chamberlain, he speaks with the passion and the inspiration of an artist about the beauty of words,—"the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words."

That wise and witty woman, Agnes Deans Cameron, is to-day only a shadow drifted out beyond the stars. But, reading again her article, "The Thames by Canadian Canoe," which appears in this number, and which was the last article she ever wrote, it comes home to us again that by those frail and tenuous symbols that she knew how to use so well, she will be longest remembered.

OUT OF THE SILENT PLACES

AFTER twenty-eight years of continuous service in the Far North under the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, F. C. Gaudette, the Factor of Fort Good Hope, has come out of the silent places to see Canada again.

If there is a man in whose shoes we would like to stand to-day, it is in Mr. Gaudette's. When he left Winnipeg in 1884 to travel by scow and stage into the unknown, it was a town of 20,000 people. Edmonton was a bit of a village. The prairie lay, wide and lonely, under the summer sun, its present cultivation, its present population, yet undreamed of. To-day he sees that prairie again, and we envy him the view. Across it he went to the

wilderness; and from the wilderness he has come. No change has marked the Mackenzie basin. "Our life up there is as solitary as it ever was," says Mr. Gaudette. With the exception of an occasional sewing machine in a Chipewyan tepee, an occasional graphophone playing the rag-time of Dixie to the wolverines, the North is as it was twenty-eight—or two hundred—years ago.

But the Canada to which Mr. Gaudette comes is changed as by a genie at a lamp-rubbing. For all our optimism and enthusiasm, our vaunted progress, our western "hustle," we cannot realize how changed it must seem to this man who has served in the wilderness a generation. We are too near at hand.

That is why we should like to stand in Mr. Gaudette's shoes. It must be a strange and wonderful thing to see the Edmonton of three railroads, of electric cars, telephones, telegraph, Paris gowns and society that has grown up while he has been leisurely busy with his peltries and his "trade." It must give him a curious feeling to listen to the clack of the binder where the beaver-traps used to be set, and to watch the powerful tractor hauling behind it the gang-plows that prepare for next season's sowing. It must be worth while to step, with unaccustomed feet, on one of the velvet-lined sleeping-cars that have thrust the Red River cart into the backyards of oblivion, and see the prosperous farmlands unroll past his elbow in the ripeness of harvest.

Mr. Gaudette should look well at this new Canada. His point of outlook is one that will not come again.

HARVEST-TIME

This month the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association issued an estimate of the 1912 crop for the three prairie provinces as follows:

Wheat, 10,584,000 acres at 17 bushels per acre, 179,828,000 bushels. Oats, 5,245,000 acres at 42 bushels per acre, 220,290,000 bushels. Barley, 1,500,000 acres at 32 bushels per acre, 48,000,000 bushels. Flax, 1,110,000 acres at 11 bushels per acre, 12,210,000 bushels.

This is a conservative estimate, and many western Canadians will be inclined to raise it considerably, especially in view of the largely increased acreage over that in 1911. But even the canniest Scotchman of them all will agree that the crop of 1912 will hold the gaze of the world on Western Canada. A recent trip through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta showed as handsome a country-side under harvest as ever glinted gold.

BENEDICTION

BY MARY G. FRASER

SWIFT-FADING gold above the clustering hills,
A sail borne home across the harbor's sweep,
A brown-skinned woman waiting on the sands,
The dimpled child upon her breast asleep.

A flash of wings athwart the waters' rim,
Where some late gull dips low in drowsy flight,
A sudden hush—then quivering, timid stars
Against the deepened blue; and thus the night.

THE CHANGE OF DIET

By Thos. A. Daly

YESTADAY, w'en da wheestle blow noon,
Joe D'Annunzio lay down hees spade,
An' he's feedin' heemsal' pretta soon
From hees deenner-pail here een da shade.

W'en da 'Merican boss ees com' by
From dat eatin-house over da way,
"'Deesa costa da food ees so high
Eet ees keep a man busted,'' he say.
"'Eet ees verra small lunch dat I eat—
Som' roas'-beef an' potato an' pie
An' a leetla bit sauce for my meat—
But eet's costa me seventy-fi',
An' I don'ta see how you can pay
For da foods dat keep you so fat.''
"'O! I maka fine deenner,'' Joe say,
"'Weeth da onion an' bread an' tomat'.''

An' to-day w'en da wheestle blow noon
Here's D'Annunzio eatin' som' more;
Com's da 'Merican boss pretta soon
An' he mak' da same keeck like bayfore.
"'Som' potato an' cabbage an' ham,
An' som' cream an' som' peaches,'' he say,
"'Dat ees all dat I eat, but, by dam,
Eet ees costa me ninety to-day!
An' you're eatin' da bread an' tomat'
Lika yestaday. My! eet ees strange;
Don't you nevva gat tire' of dat
An' try deefferant food for a change?''
"'Sure! da yestaday's deenner,'' Joe say,
"'Was tomat', bread an' onion for me,
But eet's deefferant now, for to-day
I ain't eatin' no onion, you see.''

THE YOUNG IDEA'S AIM

SCHOOLBOY mistakes have an air of labored wit. Nothing could be more studiously perverted than the following:

"The Complete Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles.

During the reformation every clergyman was compelled to receive 39 articles.

The masculine of heroine is kipper.

A problem is a figure which you do things with which are absurd, and then you prove it.

Opus est matuarto—a middle-aged man wanted.

Aequo atque parato animo moriar—I shall lie in prepared spirits and water.

Un chef d'oeuvre—A clerk of the works.

Les hors d'oeuvres—The unemployed.

Caerulea puppis—A Sky terrier.

Amatory verses are those composed by amateurs.

Income is a yearly tax.

The dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now.

NOT HIS FAULT

"Why are you here, my poor man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Through no fault of mine, sir," replied the convict.

"No?"

"No; I ain't had a single chance to break out."